Izaak Walton League Monthly

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore to Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

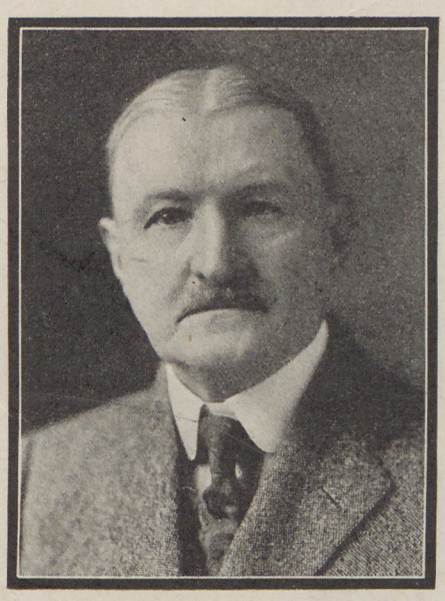
Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Volume I | MAY, 1923 | Number 9

In Memoriam

EMERSON HOUGH, a great American, has reached the end of the trail.

No man ever loved Outdoor America more than did Emerson Hough. For fifty years he crusaded for the preservation of our outdoor blessings; like the "voice of one crying in the wilderness" he warned us in ringing tones of our carelessness, our prodigality, our neglect and our colossal wastefulness.



Emerson Hough in body is no more. The sense of irreparable loss is only lessened by the memories of the things he wrote and said for Outdoor America. It is particularly significant that his last written words were a plea to his countrymen to join the Izaak Walton League of America. Here follow the lines:

"Meantime if you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put two million members in the Izaak Walton League.

"When that thing is true you will have won your fight. You then will see, safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface.

"I should like to live to see that day but shall not. That is of no consequence. Others will—you and your sons.

"Join the Izaak Walton League—get everybody else to do so. Do your own thinking and then act."

Nine months ago when it became absolutely and positively essential that the Izaak Walton League of America own its own magazine to conduct its vigorous campaign in the interest of Outdoor America it was natural that one great man be called upon to write a rallying call to the colors. Unless the cause was Godly, unless it was earnest and sincere, there was no chance to secure the services of this man. He was interested only in making known to the world the absolute truth about Outdoor America. This man was Emerson Hough, rugged American, lover of God's out of doors, sportsman, conservationist, a man in whose breast burned the candle of understanding.

Convinced of the stupendous need of this League and the complete honesty, sincerity and selflessness of this cause, Emerson Hough wrote an editorial classic, daring, truthful, steeped in the earnest passion of its writer. He knew whereof he wrote. To use his own words, "I have spent my own money and my own life to get the truth." Like the trained physician he sought to wipe out disastrous results by removing causes. His language was plain and the now famous editorial "Time to Call a Halt" awakened and brought to their feet the lovers of Outdoor America.

It is fitting that this first great editorial of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, written by Mr. Hough, should be here reprinted. It follows: In this year, 1922, the lovers of Outdoor America for the first time began seriously to realize that outdoor sport in this country soon will be a thing of the past.

Scrambling for the last remnants of our great heritage, we have been so busy as to be blind. Now the truth comes home. Now for the first time a sudden consternation comes to the soul of every thinking man who ever has loved this America of ours. **It is time to call a halt.**

Of the alleged true sportsmen of this country, those who use rod and gun, not ten per cent have practiced the creed which hypocritically they profess. Claiming self denial, we practice self indulgence. Which shall first cast a stone? And yet, my brothers, **it is time to call a halt.**

Never has transportation been so cheap, so rapid. There is no longer any wilderness. Betrayed by its guardians, forgotten by its friends, the old America is *(Continued on page 491)*

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Izaak Walton League Monthly

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Wet Fly Fishing in England

By HENRY VAN DYKE

Painting by Frank L. Stick

THE courage of all things English is amazing! Here at "sunny Sidmouth" it is the second week of March; wind obstinate in the east; sky full of grey clouds and drizzle, with a derisive wink of sunshine to mock you at noon; air more chilling than frost; altogether spiteful and discouraging weather. Yet the pale yellow primrose-tufts are shining under the hedges; the daffodils and jonquils dance in the meadows and open woodlands; in sheltered gardens the rhododendrons and camelias are in full bloom, with here and there a daring rose; and on the wild moors the sombre green of the gorse is covered with orange-golden blossoms. The birds are singing, too,—not only the little robin redbreast, who has something pretty to say for every month in the year, but also the missel-thrush and the song-thrush, the chaffinch and the bullfinch and the linnet, and the tiny brown wren with her small sparkling fountain of song. Only in England do the birds sing so early and in such weather. They are not to be discouraged. Every one of them is chanting, like Tennyson's throstle,

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it."

Their gospel is irresistible. Whether or no, I am going up into Somerset to try a week of wet fishing with the wet fly, no matter what happens.

The inn called "The Carnarvon Arms," near Dulverton, was built by the fourth Earl of Carnarvon some fifty years ago, and endowed by him with free fishing on some five miles of water in the lovely little rivers Exe and Earle. The Devon and Somerset Staghounds meet here in fall, winter and spring, and in summer the Otterhounds from Culmstock and Cheriton often come over; so it is a great sporting center. The house is a rambling stone building, cloaked in ivy, and looking out over the green meadows and up the river valleys that wind between the high hills. At one side the small branch-railway comes up from Tiverton, but quietly, so quietly, English fashion, with a whistle that is hardly more than a muffled squeak,—as if it did not wish to frighten the stags, otters, foxes, hares and the rest of the wild creatures.

Within, the house is snug and old-fashioned; good prints and pictures on the walls, with staghorns, and large stuffed trout in glass cases; bright fires of wood and soft coal in smoking-room and coffee-room and billiard-room. Of the drawing-room I can not speak from experience, because smoking is not allowed there.

Around the open fires the talk is mainly about angling, with an occasional excursus on the results of the war, or the Anglo-American debt settlement, or the wonderful Egyptian discoveries of the present Lord Carnarvon in whose inn we are lodged. As topics of discussion Lloyd George and the Irish question seem to have gone out, and Conan Doyle's spiritism and ectoplasm seem not to have come in. As a rule Englishmen prefer to talk more of

"Familiar matter of today";

The fishing, I repeat, was good,—delightful as ever.

and anglers in particular of their own art and craft, of which they never weary in discourse. But I have sometimes seen an imperfectly educated fisherman betray impatience in listening to another man's fish stories. This is an ill thing to do; for the time is surely coming when that undisciplined one will want a patient listener to his own tales.

It may as well be confessed that this time I have no wonderful narrative to enchant my gentle reader. The fishing itself was good, of course. It always is. But the fish? Ah, there's the rub! They were not as brave in coming out as the birds and the flowers. The cold weather, the threatening sky, the obstinate east wind (or something else), made the fish "down in the mouth." Day after day our trio of anglers sallied out in different directions, and came back cheerfully with the same report,—"no flies on the water, no fish rising, better luck tomorrow." But that bright morrow failed to appear. The best I could do was half-a-dozen a day ("three brace of trouts," as the English would say), averaging perhaps a quarter of a pound. One day another angler brought in five brace and three grayling. He was "high hook" for the week.

Out of the wood behind you stream the hunters and the staghounds.

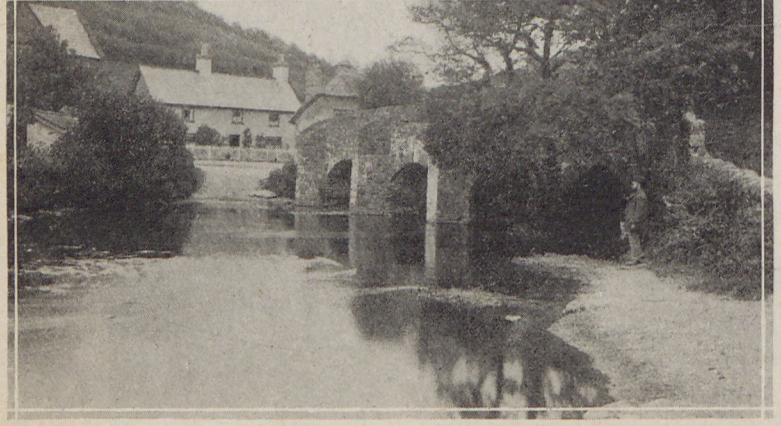
But the **fishing,** I repeat, was good,—delightful as ever. The Barle and the Up-Exe, which unite just below the inn to form the main Exe, are lovely streams pouring down from the wild heights of Exmoor. They flow swiftly through narrow winding valleys where the hills are clothed with woods, and the meadows are full of thick-fleeced sheep and snow-white lambs, awkward, joyful, insatiable little creatures,—how their tails twinkle when they punch their mother for food! Now you know what the phrase means, "in three shakes of a lamb's tail."

The river Exe flows swiftly through narrow, winding valleys.

The rivers run through an old-world village here and there, or past a hamlet of thatched houses, or under an ancient, three-arched stone bridge. It was from one of these bridges that I caught my two best trout. Looking over the parapet as I smoked my pipe after lunch, I saw that the choice part of the pool below could not well be fished from the bank or the stream, so I literally dropped my fly from the top of the middle arch over a place where I knew there must be a trout. He took it smartly, played well around the pool, and then ran up towards the left end of the bridge, where a small stream came in from the side, through a tangle of bushes, under a long iron pipe, and over the remains of a small wooden dam. He was twenty feet below me, and the handle of the landing net was only three feet long. Two pretty English girls who were crossing the bridge stopped to watch the sport. "O sir," they said with every appearance of real sympathy, "have you lost him?" "Not yet, thank you," I answered, climbing over the stone parapet and slithering down through an incredibly scratchy hawthorn hedge to the mouth of the little stream. There was the trout, about a half-pounder, with the fly still fast in his mouth, swimming gently in three or four inches of water between the iron pipe and the broken dam. In a second the net was under him and he was landed.

It was no great catch, to be sure, but it was amusing. A herring is a great fish among the sardines. And the curious thing is that two days later I had precisely the same experience from the same bridge with a fish which looked and acted like the twin of the first one,—only this time the two English girls were not there.

Well, it is a pleasant thing to wade in streams like these, and feel the clear, strong water pressing about your knees, and sit down under a budding tree at noon to eat your sandwiches and quench your thirst beside a tiny friendship fire. You are in a foreign land but you feel quite wonderfully at home. The birds have different names but they sing a song you can understand. Out of the wood behind you the splendid pheasants go whirring and flashing across the valley. A European kingfisher flits upstream, darker blue than his American cousin, but with the same wing-motion. Look there! Over the old bridge, stream the hunters and the staghounds, "a-hunting the deer." Now there is a rustling on the opposite bank of the river, two sharp eyes are watching you, then a long slim animal darts like a red flash of lightning along



The ancient, three-arched stone bridge.

(Continued on page 477)

The Rainbow Trout *of* Oregon

By ROMER C. GREY

Zane Grey at Crater Lake.

ON the crest of the Cascades in southwestern Oregon lies Crater Lake. The blue and sapphire waters of the lake gleam in the huge crater basin of an extinct volcano, and precipitous cliffs raise a thousand feet to form the rim. Beyond the broken rim, snow capped mountains abide in solemn majesty. To an angler sight of Crater Lake with its unsounded depths gave thrilling prospects of many and large trout.

In early June of 1920 Z. G. and I, blocked by snow-covered roads, made our way on foot over a two-mile stretch to climb to this paradise. The approach to the lake thrilled me with the prospect of new and lonely journeys through verdant mountains and fertile valleys. It was one of the places that I in my greed for travel had dreamed about for years. The road wound in and out through stately pines where park men of the forest reserve were busy clearing the road of snow to the Crater Lake Lodge. They had been at this task for two weeks and they still had a few days' work before them. If we wanted to see the lake we had to go on foot. There was no alternative. Many times Z. G. and I have tracked game through snow, but it was a strange experience to tramp through two feet of snow to locate fishing grounds. As Z. G. declared, it was a new one on us—and mayhap a fishless undertaking—and a precious slippery one at that!

Numerous kind people had taken the trouble to inform us that the tourist season did not open until July first; that we were really a couple of weeks ahead of time; that the trails down to the lake were covered with ice and snow. We thanked them each and every one smilingly and all seemed chagrined at our complaisant acceptance of their information.

When we reached the lodge, a little stir of life showed that the place was being slowly roused from its winter sleep. The head guide and a few servants were making preliminary preparations for the opening of the season. The manager had not arrived and the guide, pleased with the responsibility that was thrust upon him, ignored us assiduously. Our attempts at cordiality were met with frozen response. This was new country to us and we wanted all the information possible, and it was evident that we would have to work hard for it. Still, the man's glance was curious. We were not dressed to the king's taste, and perhaps our clothes did look a bit the worse for the wear of the two miles through snow. That we carried rod cases, cameras, baskets, and all other equipment of the dyed-in-the-wool angler had no weight at all. Z. G. seemed to be enjoying the situation. In light of our grim reception, my attempt at conversation was feeble. Boost a man's country, and you become his friend! With this in mind I waxed bold and eloquent. I remarked about the beauty of the lake, I praised the country-side, I even grew enthusiastic about the lodge. I had presented the right idea, but the speech that followed was unanticipated.

"Say, young fellers," the man drawled, "if you had lived here all your life, this beauty stuff wouldn't get very far with you. What do you want?"

"Young fellows," he had called us. That would win him forgiveness for anything. Moreover, he at last had given slight indication of interest.

Rainbow, the Big Trout of Pelican Bay.

"We're here for fishing," I hurried to explain.

He had the insolence to laugh! Then with scorn he expostulated—"Well, don't you know that the season doesn't open until July first? The trails are covered with snow. It's dangerous and it's impossible for tenderfeet to go down. Only experienced guides attempt it this time of the year. You'd be killed. Don't mistake that!"

At the word "tenderfeet" I glanced at Z. G. His eyes smiled, but he was on the jump with a reply:

"We don't care when the season opens for tourists. It's open for fishing now. We've climbed mountains before and been down a few snow trails. Now, is there any reason to prevent us from going down there except that you believe that it is dangerous?"

The man replied: "Go ahead and be damned! More fools born every minute!"

He turned away. I grinned at Z. G. "Any chance that he's right about the danger? And say, why didn't you give him your name?"

Z. G. still smiled. "Like as not my name wouldn't mean anything to him. I wish I could feel as important as he looks. Come on."

We were off again. It was a little past nine. The early morning sun shone cold but bright. The crusted snow crunched under our feet as we made our way to the rim to seek a trail. When we started down we found that in places it was as slippery as a well trodden toboggan slide. Luckily our shoes were hob-nailed. We were nine hundred feet from the lake surface, but we doubled that distance on the winding trail. I felt a little shaky as we worked on down. The guide was not so far wrong. There were treacherous places where a false step would mean a fast and straight slide to the water and without doubt a serious one. Z. G. walked on as if he were taking a customary morning constitutional, missing none of the scenery and occasionally looking around to see if I were coming and to give an encouraging word. I was taking no chances. Perhaps I was overcareful. For suddenly my feet shot from under me and I slid like a streak utterly losing sense of distance and location. I shot directly toward a low hanging bush. I twisted round to keep from passing it. I felt the quick sharp strain on my muscles as I grabbed hold and hung with all my weight. I pulled around, straightened up, and shakily rose to my feet. I was breathing hard. Z. G. watched me pull my way back to the trail by the aid of small trees and bushes.

"Say," he called to me, "don't give that guide up at the lodge a chance to have anything on us."

When he saw my progress was sure, he went on. I made the trail and continued without further mishap. Z. G. kept well ahead. He came to a stop about one hundred feet from the water. Then he turned, waved his hand and pointed ahead to the lake. A cautioning finger warned me to make a silent approach. Looking down I could see numerous large trout swimming near the surface. Some were a good three feet in length. They were moving leisurely around and it was hard to tell whether they were feeding or just sunning themselves. The sight of the big fellows made my blood sing! Z. G. went piling down the remaining distance to the water unjointing his rod as he slipped along. The trout swam close to shore passing us without the least evidence of fright. I could see no sign of food. There were no bugs on the surface, no minnows in the beautiful clear deep water. But trout moved everywhere, swimming in and out from the distant shadowed depths, and back and forth along the shore. They seemed aimless and heedless. I figured that they might be in search of particles of food which melting snows would carry down to them.

While jointing my rod, I watched Z. G. cast a fly. Though there were fish all around, the fly alighting on the water excited no interest. Some looked at it and turned away. Others swam after it as he wound in. None would take it. This was indeed a strange situation—fly-casting from snow covered banks in a lake alive with large fish who acted as if they had had their fill, though the water was apparently foodless!

I decided to try my luck with a small copper spinner, and casting it as far as was possible from a slippery and awkward position, I wound in rapidly. This caused some little show of excitement. Several fish followed the spinner, one actually striking it as it neared my feet. I hooked him. Then came the surprise of my life! I had been told that the rainbow was a great fighter. I was aquiver for action. But this fish—and it was a large one, close to five pounds—let me wind him in the remaining short length of line without the slightest effort to escape! Had he had strength to fight, he certainly would have. I held him up, a beautiful slim rainbow, graceful in form and wonderful in coloring.

I turned to Z. G. "Doc, he's a poor sick fish!"

There was no glory in that catch. I cast again. The same performance was repeated. I had dreamed of such things, but I did not know that they actually happened. I looked at Z. G. with a wordlessness pregnant with meaning. He had changed to a spinner, had made his cast, gotten a strike, and was calmly reeling in. He held his catch up, looked at it grimly, and then turned to me. "Starved to death! That's what's the matter!"

I cut one of my fish open. Sure enough! There was no sign of food in him. We continued to cast, and after taking several more starved and fightless trout, we gave up in despair.

Surely there was food somewhere in the lake. Perhaps in the deeper water the fish found a scant supply which saved them from annihilation during the months between the warm seasons when flies and bugs are plentiful. Certainly there was no food near shore. There was very little vegetation on the bottom and no life under the stones. The rainbow trout of deep waters is a famous fighting fish. But the rainbow of the cold still lake wove no spell for us! Our last catches we returned to the water, but we photographed the first few against a background of snow in order to convince ourselves thereafter that this experience was real. Then, our enthusiasm well stifled, we made our laborious and wordless way to the rim.

THE next day we moved down to Pelican Bay. At Rocky Point Camp we found comfortable quarters, good food, and a genial and helpful host.

Pelican Bay lies at the head of Klamath Lake. Its waters, which wind in and out more like a river than a bay, are hemmed by heavily timbered slopes. From lofty snow covered peaks small streams of pure snow water run down the mountain sides. On the fertile slopes the wild lilac, exquisite and fragrant, grows in profusion, beautified with all shades of pink and lavender. The bay is a favored haunt of pelicans and from this circumstance it derives its name. I had never seen such magnificent specimens as those I found at Pelican Bay. They are a spotless white with black tipped wings, and they are twice as large as the ordinary bird. It always amused me to watch and study pelicans along the Florida Keys. I recall one bird who often entertained me during idle hours. He frequented a certain place where he fished patiently and diligently. Like any other fisher he had good days and bad days, and he did not take kindly to the bad days. He never failed to appear at low tide and he tenanted the coral reefs where small fish were abundant. He would soar and dive, hopeful and alert. At times he would dive so hard that his bill would stick in the soft coral. Then the spray would fly while he splashed and flapped in his efforts to release himself. The minute he pulled free he would give vent to his wrath by shaking his body and head violently and emitting weird cries. And when satisfied that this performance was complete, he would retreat to the shore to brood and sulk, unmindful that the tide was slowly creeping up.

In his famous Oregon haunt, I saw the pelican take flight in flocks of hundreds, reaching great altitudes and soaring in manner similar to the eagle. Round and round, up and up, they would go with an occasional movement or two of their wide-spread wings. This they did by the hour. Then they would gracefully sail down to the shore to take up the pluming of their feathers or to go fishing. There in the early summer when the water is high and spreads a few inches deep over the marsh land, minnows and other small fish people the waters of the inundated stretch. Around this harvest ground the pelicans gather in great numbers. Standing in the shallow water they form a tremendous circle. Slowly they close in, making an unusual commotion by flapping their wings and swishing the water with their feet. The small fish, terrified, move before them in a wild attempt to escape, but they soon find themselves hopelessly corralled. The ludicrous birds dive quickly, then wag their bills to shake down the little fish and fill their pouches, progressing slowly and surely, and closing in on the little fish with every step. And what a feast the pelicans enjoy! The endless flapping of wings and the shrill cries that voice their pleasure can be heard at long distances.

So we came to the haunt of the famous pelican fisher to try our luck at his job. The morning following our arrival Z. G. and I went on a little tour of inspection. Neither of us wanted to leave Oregon dissatisfied with rainbow trout fishing. The renown of the rainbow had brought us thither and we wanted our experience to confirm their fame. On approaching the boat landing we met a freckled faced boy who bore a shabby rod and reel, and swung heavily a bulging burlap bag. His countenance beamed joy and satisfaction. Z. G. hailed the lad, "Good morning, sir, have you been fishing before sun-up, or is that your bait that you're carrying!"

The boy laughed. "Nope, them's my catch."

We admitted we were strangers who had heard that Pelican Bay was a good place for fishing.

"You betcher!" he returned emphatically. "I had some pretty good luck this mornin'. There was only one mistake I made."

I make fifty mistakes every time I go fishing, and I have fished all my life! He went on:

"I got eight rainbows in less than two hours. Rowed my own boat, too, and that's some stunt. Want to see 'em?"

Z. G.'s whistle of surprise pleased the youngster. One glance assured me of joyful prospects. I had never seen such trout. And there were eight of them, none under three and a half pounds, some as much as six and a half pounds. We plied the boy with endless questions and he seemed proud and eager to reply.

This was the core of his advice: "Take a boat, a rod, a spinner and row—sometimes fast, sometimes slow, but don't stop rowing! Anybody can catch fish out there. Why, there're thick! You can see 'em packed under the water just like fence-pickets."

How inconsequential were the fishing exploits of my youth! I was exhalted to the heights of the mighty when I caught chubs and sunfish in our little brook.

(Continued on page 498)

Pelican Bay—Mt. Peet in the Background.

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

THE following letter and touching little poem of a lost river is from Mr. P. C. Cosner, of Sioux City, Iowa. It will appeal strongly to every man who fished when a boy, as well as to every man who is aware of the lamentable condition of our inland waters. Out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaketh.

Dear Dr. Henshall:

Permit me to commend and thank you, as a sportsman and lover of nature, for the notable, man sized fight you are making against that curse of civilization, Pollution. Through its strangling, poisonous grasp, I have lost a very dear friend, the little, sparkling, singing river of my boyhood days. The thought of this crime moves me to anger and a sense of the helplessness of the fair minded lovers of nature against an unthinking, unheeding, dollar-chasing multitude. May the good Lord awake this multitude and let them see the doom to which they are hastening before it is too late.

I wish herewith humbly to offer you a poem, which if considered of any value to the cause, I would be pleased to have you use.

"Pollution's Crime"

A little quiet river flowed at ease
'Tween grassy banks and verdant trees;
Clear and pure it danced along
To the music of the wild birds' song.
'Twas nature's playground, the haunt of joy
For the little barefoot, freckled boy.
Wild life teemed along its banks,
Flowers grew in disordered ranks;
Myriad fish rippled the water's face
In search of food, or to play and race.
The sun smiled o'er all in glorious sheen,
The breezes rippled the water clean.
Nature's choir sang songs of praise
In thanks to Him for those wondrous days.
On speeding wings the years have flown,
The wandering lad is bound for home.
To the river he goes—but what is wrong?
No trees, no flowers, no wild birds' song.
The little quiet river is dead and stilled,
With Industries' vermin its body is filled.
No more shall he hear its song of joy,
Reminder of days as a carefree boy.

P. C. COSNER

COMBATING RIVER POLLUTION IN RHODE ISLAND

THE following excerpts are from an article in the **Providence (R. I.) Journal,** March 18, 1923, concerning the methods adopted to end dangerous river pollution:

"While the third annual report of the State Board of Purification of Waters submitted to the Legislature last week shows that Rhode Island streams are dangerously polluted, it contains an encouraging message that definite steps have been taken to remedy conditions. Methods of reducing and preventing pollution adopted in this State have attracted the attention of sanitary engineers throughout the country. Since the creation of the board in the fall of 1920 this State has made greater progress in clearing its rivers of oil and sewage pollution than any other in the Union, experts declare.

* * *

"Upon determining the exact condition of Rhode Island streams the board launched its drive to prevent pollution. Much has already been accomplished, and plans are now going forward for more extensive work during the current year. For the most part municipalities and manufacturing concerns which are polluting the rivers with sewage and wastes are disposed to co-operate with the board in carrying out its remedial programme, it is reported.

"One of the first things accomplished by the board in 1920 was the adoption of rules to prevent the discharge of petroleum into the public waters of the State. These rules prohibit deliberate discharge of oil, pumping bilge water from oil-carrying vessels and washing of oily receptacles near public waters. The board also procured a United States naval order from the chief of naval operations at Washington forbidding discharge of oil by naval vessels. Oil companies have co-operated by installing safeguards to prevent the escape of oil from their property. Constant surveillance by investigators of the board and co-operation of individuals and companies have resulted in great improvement of conditions, and the waters during the past year have been generally free from one of the most annoying and dangerous forms of contamination, it is said."

The plan of co-operation between the authorities and the manufacturers seems to be working as well in Rhode Island as in other states, and is, without doubt the proper one to pursue.

PROTECTING MIGRATORY FISH

THE following paragraphs are from an article with the above caption in the New York Herald, March 27, 1923, and are reproduced here to show the apathy, remissness, and even indifference, of our representatives at Washington to measures in the interest of the general public. This statement is not made unadvisably, but is warranted by past personal untoward experience.

"Representative Appleby's bill to prevent the pollution of navigable waters with oil, sludge and other waste failed to pass Congress. When adjournment came it had been approved by the Senate and was on the calendar of the House, but it was excluded from the list of bills brought up for final passage and went into the discard.

* * *

"Destruction of migratory fish from this and other preventable causes is a matter that is now engaging the serious attention of New Jersey and Federal fish conservation authorities. A migratory fish law, drawn on the model of enactments for the protection of migratory birds, is proposed. Such a law would involve regulation of many of the fishing methods now in use on the coast.

"For one thing, it would unquestionably bring about a material reduction in the number of fish pounds at present in operation. A report by James M. Stratton, New Jersey Fish and Game Commissioner, shows that in 1922 a total of 156 fish pounds were licensed by New Jersey alone. Of these 114 were in the Atlantic Ocean and forty-two in Raritan and Sandy Hook bays. It is not a great exaggeration to say that the entire Jersey coast from Delaware Bay to Sandy Hook is one vast fish trap.

"Great as are the reproductive powers of fish, wholesale destruction of deposited eggs by oil pollution and continuous general slaughter of fish of all sizes by miles

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

upon miles of traps that destroy them by the tens of thousands a day mean in the end ruin of one of our most valuable sources of food."

The improvidence of market fishermen has been one of the chief causes of the scarcity and steady decrease of food fish long before pollution of the waters became a serious menace, not only in coastal waters but on the great lakes.

Within my own knowledge, for forty years or more, it has been the practice at certain rivers on the Atlantic coast to set hundreds of gill-nets outside of the mouths of the rivers to intercept and capture striped bass and shad when on their way to their spawning grounds far up the streams, and the same is true on the south shore of Lake Erie where the numerous pound-nets and gill-nets fence off and prevent the approach of most of the whitefish to their spawning grounds along shore.

GOOD WORK IN INDIANA

A LETTER from Indianapolis signed "Piscator" in the **American Field** of March 10, 1923, reads as follows:

"Twenty-three suits were filed against manufacturing plants and canning factories by the division of fish and game for polluting streams in various parts of the state of Indiana during the Summer and Fall of 1922. Some of the suits are still pending. So far the division has not lost a case. Some of the plants filed against have come into court and voluntarily pleaded guilty under an agreement that they would install proper appliances for taking care of their waste in the future. Every fisherman will be pleased to know about this."

The Division of Fish and Game of Indiana deserves great credit and commendation for its successful efforts in the cause of purification of public waters. If all the state authorities and fish and game protective associations of the middle west would join hands and continue their efforts in this direction it would not be long before our once beautiful streams would begin to show something of their former beauty and attractiveness, and furnish better and more favorable conditions for life beneath the waters.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED

What the old time boy had.

What the boy of today gets.

CONCERNING POLLUTION OF THE OHIO RIVER

THE following clipping from the **Cincinnati Times-Star** of February 28, 1923, shows that there is an awakening interest in regard to the vital necessity for improving the sanitary condition of this great waterway. The condition of the river at present is that of a great sewer, and the attention of the Federal Government has been directed to the alarming situation, and measures are soon to be inaugurated for the purification of what was once pronounced **La Belle Riviere:**

"Service Director Charles Hornberger announced Wednesday that in the preparation of new plans for garbage disposal he is considering the advisability of establishing plants to purify the sewage, and thus avoid pollution of the Ohio river. While the present contract for the disposal of garbage has about two years still to run, the service director says it will require nearly all of that time to work out and put in effect a new arrangement. He believes that two, possibly three, disposal plants will be necessary — one at the mouth of the Little Miami river, the second at the mouth of the Mill-creek, and possibly a third at Muddy Creek. These plants would do the double duty of absorbing garbage collected in Cincinnati, and purifying the sewage. The residue from both would be sold as fertilizer. The director disclosed that he is working on the problem of garbage disposal, when he informed City Council that because of an unseen additional deficit of $140,000 in city funds, he will be compelled to discontinue 1,280 street lights, starting Thursday night.

"Garbage is now collected and disposed of through private contract. The director believes that the city can save money under the new plan he is working on. 'But the problem of sewage must be taken up along with any new system,' Hornberger said. 'Federal engineers and health authorities are working on the problem of river purification, and I believe it will not be long before all Ohio river cities will get orders to purify their sewage. I understand that a conference on the subject is to be held in Columbus shortly.'"

Old Red-Spot of Middle Pool

Being the Account of a Glorious Day, a Near Success and Victorious Victory

By O. WARREN SMITH

Painting by Frank Stick

"Oh Sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to loose."—"Compleat Angler."

MIDSUMMER in the North Country presents the understanding dry-fly fisherman with unlimited opportunities for trying his skill, especially those broad, open streams into which rainbow and brown trout have been introduced, or at least have found their way. I honestly think the rainbow is the best fly-fish that swims, and in streams where the dry-fly can be handled successfully, there is little necessity under normal conditions for resorting to other lures, much less live-bait. Note: I designated Midsummer as the period for dry-fly fishing, for then the creeks and rivers are low and clear, the trout scrappy in the extreme. While I love May and June, in the North Country those months are not good fly months, and I had just about as soon employ worms and be done with it, as put on a shot and troll a fly deep down in the water. When I fish with flies I like to fish a la Nature, i. e., with floating counterfeit presentments. But I did not start out to write a how-to article, or to argue the question of lures, simply spin a "yarn."

"My" stream rises in the height of land south of Lake Superior and tumbles down hill all the way into that body of "ice cold" water. All those rivers are comparatively short, and spring fed from Genesis to Revelation, consequentially are cold, very. At the mouth of my stream the Ojibway Indians are supposed to have met the Sioux in a three-day battle at the end of which the latter tribe retreated towards their prairies, while the river "ran blood." As to the truthfulness of the story I have nothing to say, I have never found any spear-points in the locality, but anyway the name Sioux clings to the river. It is one of the "fished out" streams of the North Country, the sort of "fished out" stream that one delights to cast a dry-fly over because the big ones have not all been taken and there is still enough of medium sized rainbow, brown and native to satisfy any but anglers of porcine proclivities. Like all of the larger rivers in that country, there are many long, tumultuous rapids, where the water is churned into a very smother of foam and fly-fishing is all but out of the question, save as one can drop an experimental fuzzy-wuzzy into tiny pockets and back-currents. Big fish lie in the rapids occasionally, but though the daring angler may hook them, he never, **never, never,** can bring them to net in that environment. I know, as many a broken leader bears mute witness.

Fortunately between each of those rapids, are deep pools, real "swims," where a man can drink standing up; and as you know, big rainbow seek out cool depths in the middle of a hot August day. Local anglers and cane-pole devotees insist that the only way those deep-loving monsters can be induced to "bite" is by fastening on a "gob" of worms or large minnow to a strong hook, and "going down after 'em." No doubt the method will win, but we know there is not much sport in it, therefore not to be resorted to unless actual starvation stares one in the face. Just the same in proper weather and along towards evening, those "whales" do come out of their hiding places in quest of insects, and the wise rodster who knows how to efface himself and can cast a discriminating dry-fly, may have great sport. Bright midday is a poor time to approach such pools and seldom are large flies attractive. Of course on a close, mizzling summer's day, when a fog hangs low over the surface of the pools, a dark fly will bring many a big one splashing to attack. Just the same, in bright, pleasant weather, it is not until the long shadows reach out from the western banks and the deep ravines are shrouded in semi-darkness that the wise man bends his footsteps in the direction of those "holes."

The "Middle Pool" is located some two miles from my cottage and to be visited only when the sign is right. Others do not fish it at all, supposing it the home of "suckers" exclusively, for those fish are plenty; but off under the beetling cliff of red sandstone is a deep, cool hole, how deep I do not know and have no desire to find out, which has been the home of one or more big rainbow ever since I have been acquainted with the stream. Above the pool is fully a half mile of wild rapids, from the back-waters of which, as well as in the hesitation-dance pools, one can lift good fish but no record breakers. Below Middle Pool is another stretch of wild water, not too wild for fishing, but too swift for those aldermanic rainbow which have learned the value of quiet and rest. Those fish must be looked for in "swims," as our English cousins would say.

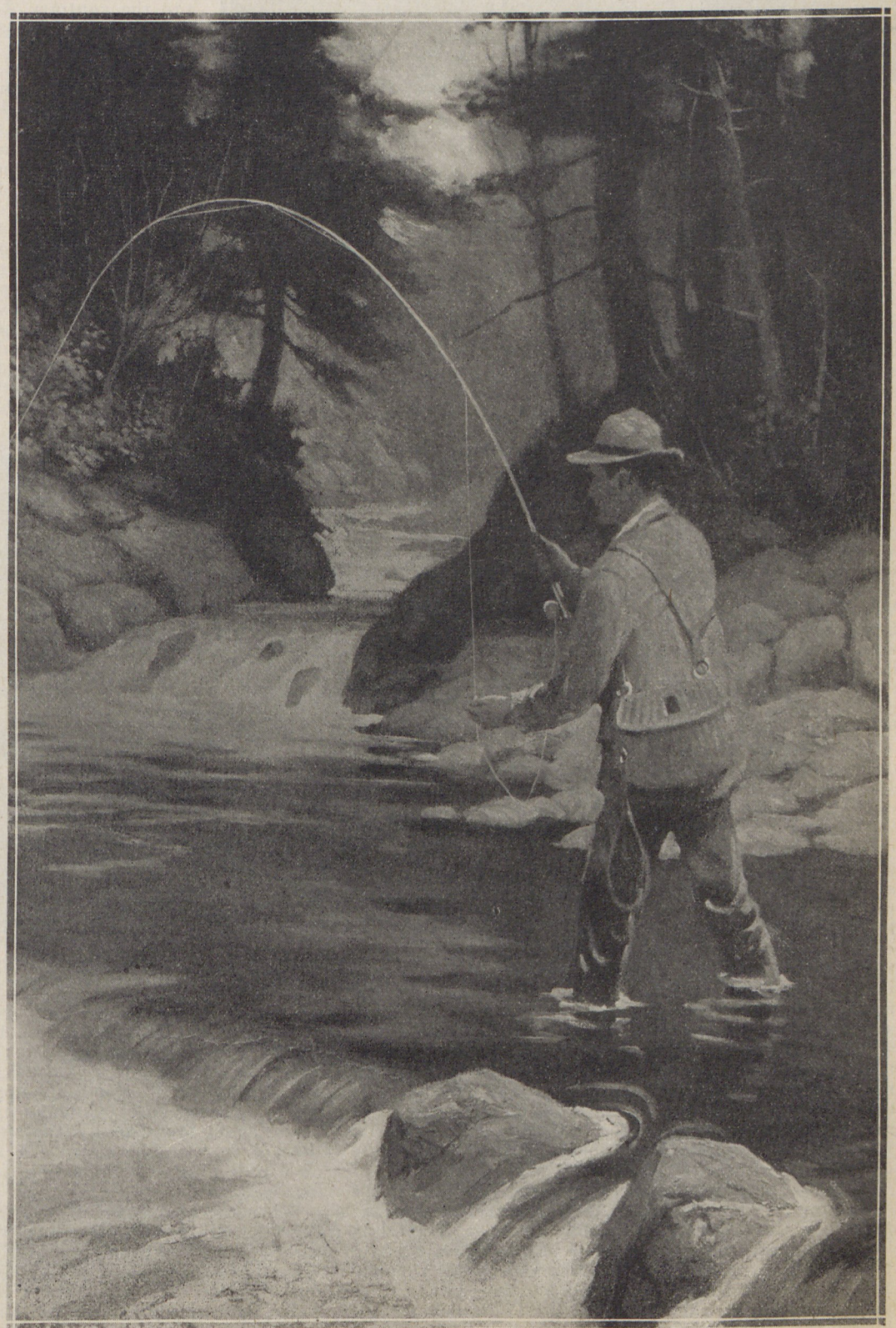
One day, working my way up the river, while a gentle mist was falling, I came out on the lower bank of Middle Pool just in time to catch a glimpse of a broad square-tail disappearing beneath the foam-flecked water. So broad was the tail that I rubbed my eyes in astonishment, and cast, almost fearful lest he connect up. I need not have feared. Little did I realize then how shy and well educated was old Square-Tail. I selected in turn my most alluring day-time flies,—Royal Coachman, Black Prince, Wickham's Fancy, Brown Hackle, but all in vain. I went on, to take goodly fish from further up stream, but the memory of the pool rankled. Noon arrived and I sat me down by a little fire, fried two small fish, brewed tea, and dined. Then I stretched out on the warm sand to doze and dream; yet thoughts of old Square-Tail annoyed, invaded the sacred precincts of the mellow interregnum. Meanwhile the day had cleared, the bright sun shone out, and I sought the shade, determined to while away the afternoon and return to Middle Pool at dusk, when Square-Tail would probably be feeding and my rod not quite so conspicuous.

There was plenty to do, let alone casting an experimental fly here and there in little pools and deeper holes, as fish would show themselves; for I had to soak a new leader and test every inch of its length, look up some evening flies with perfect hooks, and plan my line of attack. My mind was made up, I would use small flies, No. 16, and start out with a Whirling Blue Dun, and change to Pale Evening if the first did not bring a response, for I have found the Duns great evening flies in the North Country in August. So the afternoon sped and the sun declined behind the hills to the west, hills that just fall short of being mountains, and I prepared myself for the fray. I had plenty of fish in my basket for the folks at the cottage and I made my way directly to the vicinity of Middle Pool. I did not approach it from the upper end, for experience has taught me it is always better to cast from below. Scrambling over rocks and making my way through tangled woodbine and cucumber-vine, I stood in the creek below and turned up-stream, wading.

When at last I was within casting distance of the pool, the ledge of sandstone looming stark and dark beyond, the water reached almost to the tops of my waders and I realized that I must handle my feet circumspectly or an accident might happen. I did not cast at once, but following the English method, waited for a fish to manifest itself. Here and there the surface of the water wrinkled as small fish rose, and twice a goodly twenty incher appeared, a fish that ordinarily would have caused my fly to leap to the spot, but I waited bigger game, old Square-Tail or nothing.

It is rather surprising why an angler "knows" a certain fish is in a certain pool, and it makes no difference if he has not caught a glimpse of his paramour for a month, still the true trout - fan "knows" it is waiting for him. So I "knew" that old Square-Tail was in the pool and would show himself. Nor was I disappointed, there came a flash, not up against the red rock as I had expected but out in the very center of the pool, and such a fish went into the air as I had never seen on the river. It seemed to me that the great body remained poised in the air for a full minute, though as I look back on it I know that it was but the briefest fraction of a second, and the fish's body was not clear of the water. Rainbow seldom leap free of the surface when feeding in a pool or at play, though in rapids and below falls they perform wonderfully when in the mood. I gasped. I had expected a large fish but not a leviathan. For a second I waited, for the wise dry-fly man does not send his floating lure on top of a descending fish. Then out shot the tiny Whirling Blue Dun, and I had no cause to change to the Pale Evening as I had fully expected to do. Came a flash, a wallowing on the surface, the rainbow seemed all over my fly, but somehow missed it.

I drew in sadly. I had missed my opportunity. Would he come again? I thought so, for I was reasonably sure he was not frightened, and that he was really and truly feeding his actions clearly indicated. There is a vast difference between a feeding fish and one that comes to the surface lazily, "just for fun." I felt through my whole being that Square-Tail was only waiting for a better chance at the fly. It may have been that he was seeking to drown the fly by slapping it with his tail as big fish sometimes drown living ephemera. It was so dusky in the ravine that I could not be wholly sure of his actions, but I could see it was the big fellow all right.



"And old square tail dashed off toward the cave under the rock."

At the head of Middle Pool.

I did not wait to think all the foregoing out after my first cast, but as soon as the fish had disappeared I recovered my Dun and sent it back upon the water, to eddy and circle at the behest of the gentle current, uninfluenced to any appreciable extent by "drag." I could not make out the fly very well but I knew where it was.

Then came a black nose poking out of the water, and my fly was gobbled in a disappointing, matter-of-fact way. Evidently old Square-Tail thought he had killed the insect with his first attack and all he had to do was swallow it. Unconsciously the light split-bamboo sprang to meet the fish, the hook went home and I was connected up with the greatest bunch of finned trouble any man ever found in a "fished out" stream. Whatever I may have thought of the fish's laziness up to that time, I **un**-thought right then and there. It was a fight with thrills and frills from the moment the hook went home until,—but I anticipate.

The first act of my opponent was to dash to the head of the pool, ripping yard after yard of line from my complaining reel, then turn and retrace his lightning like course almost to my feet. Fortunately I use a rather large reel and have a core of line, so while a single action is slow, I can get up considerable speed by reeling like mad. I reeled like mad, believe me, and when old Square-Tail ended his rush he found tension still on the line, that stinging, burning something in his lower jaw still there. He went to the bottom, proving his relationship to the Atlantic salmon, sulking for several minutes and I thought it would be necessary to stir him up with a stone or two, though just how I could perform that feat alone I did not know. Fortunately he remembered another trick at that instant and dashed off towards the cave under the rock. I had palpitation of the heart, for it was a tactic I had feared from the beginning. Tapered leaders are not built to withstand contact with sharp rocks.

I could not prevent the rush, though I put all the strain on the line I dared, the delicate rod bending perilously the while. Back, back he went, I yielding line grudgingly, the tip of the rod jerking spasmodically. (Don't talk to me about an electric battery for rheumatism, give me a three ounce split bamboo with a steen pound rainbow on the end of the line!) Momentarily I looked for catastrophe, I could but expect the gossamer end of that gut to part; but somehow it held, the rod won, and the fish came out into the open once more. I breathed again. I swear that during the **hours** the rainbow was nosing off under that rock I breathed just once, and then it was a prayer to the Red Gods to spare my leader.

Up to that time the fish had not leaped from the water at all, the favorite tactic of medium sized members of the family as we all know. Of course the larger the fish, the more loath he is to leap; not that he can't, but he doesn't want to. Believe me, whatever I may have written to the contrary, I know now that a big rainbow CAN leap. Again and again he went into the air in an excess of pain, terror and anger, the water cataracting from his sides audibly. I was sorry it had grown so dark I could not see those aerial ventures; they must have been wonderfully spectacular. I expected him to fall athwart the line, but Fates were kind, everything held, and I began to imagine the end. I had him in my net, in my basket, **in imagination,** but alas, **only** in imagination.

Came another rush, away up stream, and I was compelled to let him go, the water was too deep to follow, you see. What would I have not given had those waders of mine been back at the cottage, and I, sans shoes, sans stockings, sans pants, sans everything! I would have given the world and all, had I dared plunge in and follow that dashing, catapulting broncho of the foam in his mad course; but the waders prevented, for I knew the water was well over my head, to venture into it suicidal. Up, up, went my fish, leaping, wallowing on the surface, but ripping yard after yard of line from the reel. Impotently I stood, holding the useless rod in my hands, cursing Fates, rainbow and deep water. What I said about breast-high waders,—what I **thought** about them even, I could have been arrested for. There is no use, it is utterly impossible for me to put my feelings into words.

Bad Form (lost him, of course).

When the rear taper of my line had disappeared from the reel with a rush, dragging from the spool the filler to which it was evenly spliced, I turned and splashed towards the sand spit which poked a moist red finger out opposite the bluff. There was no need to keep a strain upon the line. The rod had ceased to respond to the surges of the fish. There was no further sound from the darkness above. All was over, I knew. It was

a sore temptation to sever my line, bid good-bye to the Middle Pool and trudge back to the cottage in high dudgeon; but that was out of the question, I wanted to know what had happened, and, a double tapered line is not to be sacrificed for a mere pet.

Sadly, slowly I retrieved, splashing upstream as I cranked the reel. Yard after yard the line returned, the splice slipped through my fingers, the good tapered thread began to return home. Still the line was insentient, no feel of life anywhere. At last the belly passed, and the forward taper slipped in, the leader I knew lay just before me, fast. So dark had it become that I could not make out its position even with the aid of the glow which always lingers on the surface of the water after night has set in, but I felt, I knew there was no fish at its end. Even as I fingered in my shirt-pocket for the electric flash which always accompanies me when evening fishing, I remembered,—**the Half-Breed's wire fence.**

I did not need the flash, save to help untangle the leader, I knew what had happened. The Half-Breed, who had a shack back in the hills, had stretched two wires across the river and around a bit of grass to form a pasture for his ponies. More than once I had cursed those useless, trailing wires which just swept the surface of the stream. More than once had they been the cause of my losing a fish, but never until that moment had they lost me what I firmly believe was a record breaker. I found just what I expected, the leader twisted about one of the wires and broken short off just above the point of junction with the eyed hook.

Once and again in my life have I realized the inadequacy, the impotency of the English language. I used to have a professor in college who claimed that if one complained of the poverty of English it was because he was unacquainted with it; but then he had never played, vanquished and all but netted a record breaking rainbow. I resorted to Latin, "**Peccavimus a—**" but it was no use, I had all but forgotten my vocabulary. I resorted to German, "Donnerwetter! Mein Sach die—," it was no use, while the words had a satisfactory sound they would not come fast enough. (I have often thought German would be a good language to swear in.) Quoting from the German poet, "Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär'," I retired vanquished. Sadly, but no wiser, I made my way down stream.

My story has no moral and little merit, for it is another tale of "the one that got away," the sort of yarn that always provokes smiles of incredulity if not howls of mirth. Just why this is so I can not understand, for we have it on no less an authority than late President Cleveland, that it logically **is** the big fish which escapes. Well, laugh if you want to. I know this, next August I will haunt that Middle Pool, early and late. If I can't make some amicable arrangement with the Half-Breed I shall carry a pair of cutting pliers in my pocket and hold a seance with that ——— (the reader is earnestly requested to fill in that blank with any real mouth-filling words he may know) wire-fence before I send my first tiny fuzzy-wuzzy venturing out on the limpid surface of the water over at the edge of the red sandstone bluff.

Messages to the Izaak Walton League Convention

Washington, D. C., April 21, 1923.

Greetings and best wishes to the members of the Izaak Walton League.

WARREN G. HARDING.

Congratulate League. Doing what Walton in chapter two of the "Compleat Angler" calls nobody's business because everybody's. May you win fight for clean rivers and clean sport.

R. B. MARSTON,
Editor, Fishing Gazette, London, England.

Altadena, Cal., April 20, 1923.

Had transportation and reservation made for convention but unexpected happenings make my coming impossible. With all my heart I am with the Izaak Walton League's save-outdoor-America crusade.

ZANE GREY.

New York, April 19, 1923.

I suggest the broadest and most comprehensive system of federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and Dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the established forestry policies of Europe as far as applicable to our conditions. Congratulations to the Izaak Walton League of America.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

The impossibility of being with my conservationist friends of America at this great convention grieves me deeply. Only matters of the utmost importance have kept me away. Kindly express my regrets to those whom I know and above everything else fight like hell for those principles which are vital and necessary if we are to win for conservation in this country. Best wishes to you all.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

Hail, brothers of the Izaak Walton League of America. Hail, fellows well met after your labors for conservation of the woods and waters and the inhabitants thereof. May the good work grow without end. I offer you this toast—to the memory, veneration and adoration of our patron saint Izaak Walton and remember on this occasion his words, " 'Tis the company and not the viands that make the feast."

JAMES A. HENSHALL.

New York, April 20, 1923.

Let the Izaak Walton League in solemn convention assembled fire tonight the sunset gun for polluters of our lakes and rivers and plunderers of our forests. We must retrieve for posterity every stream that flows from the mountains to the sea, restock all waters, restrain all wanton hands that would lay waste to the open. This is God's country and we are its custodians. America knows that the League will do its duty.

ROBERT H. DAVIS.

The Friendly Wilderness

By EL COMANCHO

First of a remarkable series of stories promised us by this master outdoorsman and writer.

Illustration by J. H. TAUCKE

FRIENDSHIP is the biggest dividend payer I know of and it is about the easiest thing there is to own if one is sincere.

I don't mean the thing that usually goes under the name of friendship among men because mankind has a way of saying one thing and reading a meaning into the words that is not there at all; friendship has thus, among men, come to mean a lot of things that are mostly of a political nature and have nothing at all to do with real friendship.

Real Friendship is that quality of confidence which begets intimate mutual regard, respect, love and admiration between two individuals regardless of race, species, sex individuality or any previous condition whatsoever.

A dog can be as friendly to man as man can be to his own kind, and many people think the dog is much more capable of real lasting friendship than the man is—a pup is about the most friendly thing on earth.

Even flowers will be friendly and grow better for those who love them than for those who care nothing for them; if you don't love flowers and plants don't try the greenhouse business, for you would never succeed in raising anything but weeds, and even these would not be up to standard unless they were thistles, sandburrs or some others of evil nature and opposed to friendship as an institution.

Little children know what friendship means until the world fools them enough to replace friendship with the cynical, bitter distrust that experience batters into the brain of man sometime or other before he dies.

Animals, birds and all the living wild things are naturally friendly but have learned, slowly through many generations of contact with man, that Friendship and Death usually mean the same thing if man is in the background.

Personally I like to be friendly with everybody and everything and I have little use for the cold blooded snob who lives on what he considers is a "higher plane" than his fellow-animals and which is in the last analysis supreme assinine selfishness based on colossal egotism and lack of personal capacity to stand his share of bumps on the nose and still smile even if he can't see through the tears the bump brings into his eyes.

The difference between the human snob and the friendly stray pup is that you can tie a can to the pup's tail and scare him pop eyed and he will still be your friend when you catch him and explain that it was only a joke while you untie the string from his tail; the snob can't stand the joke any more than he can understand that you can be sorry you were mean to him—and the pup gets the drift of both and will come back and be friendly anyhow.

I think a whole lot of the pup as a concrete proposition even if I don't like to have him paw me and slobber over me.

Somebody has said that "a friend is one who knows all about you and loves you anyhow." I think that about covers the pups point of view.

My own attitude is about like the pups for I want to be friendly with all the world if the world will let me and not abuse my confidence too much.

That has always been my angle of view in relation to nature and the wilderness so I have always found friendships easy to acquire wherever I went.

Sometimes I have gone into Indian camps without a thought of harm either from or to the Indians there and I have been treated as well and on as friendly a basis as any one could be—only to learn afterward that I was visitor in a camp of people avowedly on the war path and ready to fight my own people! Yet the enemy recognized real individual friendship in my case at least and met it in kind.

The only living things I never could get to understand real friendship was a pair of Bobcats caught while they were little kittens and given to me in a cage.

I don't know their history before they reached me but they filled the descriptive name of "Hellcats" to the utmost capacity as they came to me for they would fight anything at sight if it moved and they died doing the same thing after two years of patient endeavor on my part to let them know I'd like to be able to pat them on the head and call them "Kitty."

I carry a scar on one finger yet because I thought I could get that idea over with one of them after I'd been good to him for about two years and always smiled when I fed him his daily beefsteak. He was a one-idea creature and never got over it, but fought the hand that fed him until it became an act of kindness to him to kill him which I had to do in the end.

I still think that if I had caught those two cats myself when they were tiny kittens and never caged them that I could have handled them myself and made friends of them.

It takes three days to teach a wild alligator to be friendly; a cougar can be taught friendship in two years; a horse will make friends with one in about thirty days and a snake understands friendship in a week or so but has to learn all over again each year after hibernation.

I think a bear would understand friendship inside of a week while a pup is born with a vast amount of friendly sentiment in his whole makeup and is ready to smile and try it on anyone or anything any time.

A wolf and a coyote are both capable of friendship but its mighty apt to be the kind that smiles and keeps its powder dry and a loaded gun within reach; it's a kind of surface friendship like man's more than anything else and they probably learned it from association with mankind.

I've roamed up and down the map a good bit during my "long and meritorious career"—(whatever that is) and have had a lot of different kinds of friendships first and last.

I could tell you about my friend, the murderer, whose friendship ended when the law hung him for a perfectly cold blooded murder that he undoubtedly committed; yet he was in a way, a right nice chap except for that one slant of character that made his heart bad.

There was my old negro friend, the fisherman of the river Calciseau, down Louisiana way.

Judged by northern white standards he didn't know enough to come in out of the rain, yet he was such a simple, friendly seventy year old black child who loved to fish in that coffee colored river that you just had to be friendly with him.

Another friend was a mounted policeman's horse in Seattle; every day I fed him a lump of sugar until he knew me and recognized me in the crowd and always bumped me with his nose if I didn't stop and say "howdy" to him long after the sugar was all gone.

It took three years to win the friendship of a wild cougar up in the Cascade range of mountains so he would go fishing with me; that was on Raging River long before the saw mills had jimmied the forest there and left burnt-over desolation to mark the "great work of man."

Back in the old days a silent stately forest stood there just as it stood years before Columbus took a notion to discover America and bring devastation to a continent that had stood untouched since man came on earth.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

"Just we two—the trout fisherman and his friend the big sleek wild cougar—."

I fished there then every summer because I loved the vast solitude of the mighty cathedral arches under trees three hundred feet high, straight as pen lines and standing so thick that the sun never reached the ground; a dim, half dark, magnificent place of silence where one could go and question his soul and come away always a little bit bigger and better for having fished there another day.

It was here I found the cougar (who first found me out of inborn cat curiosity), watching me and slipping along silently through dark forest aisles to keep pace with me while I fished and paid no attention to him, though I felt his eyes on my back every foot of the miles I waded down that white and green river.

I heard him snap a twig occasionally while I fished some glassy pool and lost all sound of him while I cast upon the rapids—yet I knew he kept me in sight. Occasionally I saw him as he leaped from one point to another here and there; mostly he followed leisurely and watched me with all the curiosity of a house cat; these facts I gathered from trailing him quietly afterward just because I wanted to know his mental attitude toward me and I knew I could get it from his trail.

One whole summer he trailed me and I knew he was there but saw him only three or four times.

The next season he came again; I saw him oftener; he was not so shy and had begun to get acquainted. I left a small trout here and there where I knew the wind would tell his nose about it—and he took my offering of friendship and grew bolder.

Before the end of that second summer he always came to fish with me within half an hour after I started in to fish my regular route down stream and he came right out in the open, unafraid but, catlike, not yet entirely convinced that he could trust me.

The third summer found him traveling parallel on the bank while I fished the stream and occasionally tossed him a Whitefish or a Trout which he caught as nicely as anybody could have done and licked his chops clean after the big gulp that marked the passage of the morsel down his throat. He was right fond of fish and made it perfectly plain that he rather liked to go fishing with me because I treated him decently and was willing to go 50-50 with him.

He was one of the most beautiful animals I've ever known, albeit I knew he was a killer and a game destroyer.

Many a little side light on cougar life and habits he taught me during three years' companionship in the wilds—just we two—the wandering trout fisherman and his friend, the big, sleek wild cougar, big enough to eat me up, but friendly enough to like to go fishing with me all day instead.

Three years we fished together there and I looked for him—even waited and loafed along, expecting him to show up as usual on the first trip of the fourth year—but he never came again.

Perhaps my friendship was his undoing, for he may have tried to make friends with some fisherman who wore a heavy caliber modern pistol tucked out of the way up under his arm and knew how to use it.

Such a man could never make friends with my cougar, I know.

I carry no gun when I fish; therefore I can make friends with the cougar, and did, for I have no desire to kill him even though I know him for the deer slayer that he is.

I reckon likely he died from over-friendship with some one whose idea is to kill all he can, and lives up to the idea.

Anyway I never saw him again and the river has no fish in it any more as a perfectly good road runs alongside of it for miles today and the well known Vacuum Cleaner (built in Detroit) buzzes up and down the road numerously and continuously every day, filling the air with the odor of burnt gasoline and, incidentally, filling the stream with broken bottles, tin cans, picnic debris and desolation. I have not fished the stream for years now—since the mills cleaned off my beautiful forest.

Somehow since the forest is gone—cut and burned away, the road and the gas wagons don't seem to matter very much.

And my friend, the big Friendly Cougar who fished there with me, has long gone the way of all things, like most friends do in the end—because time seems to bring everything to the same finish—just time.

Then there was the incident of the three big bears; perhaps we can call that an experiment in friendship.

It happened in what is now Glacier Park but which was then chiefly known as a part of the Top of the Continent where the rivers ran through valleys filled with colorful silence and led endless miles beyond the horizon into three different oceans—Hudson's Bay, the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico (call it "Meh-he-ko," Brother, if you would speak it as the natives do).

Up there, among the Spires on the Top of the World, I wandered with pack train and camera—and as usual I carried no gun except a rifle tucked under the saddle leather for commissary purposes. What I wanted was the joy of life in the Country of the Silence—not war.

Above the great valley where the St. Mary's Lake gleams like a sheet of turquoise in the slant of noonday light and Going-to-the-sun Mountain towers, sheer into the blue, I unpacked my camera to photograph what I might of the vast panorama spread out below.

I took the machine, on its tripod, over my shoulder and walked around the face of the mountain I was on, following a flat ledge about four feet wide, bounded on the left by a sheer wall running up out of sight and on the right by a mile-deep valley separated from me by nothing at all.

Turning a sharp point I came face to face with a whopper of a grizzly bear!

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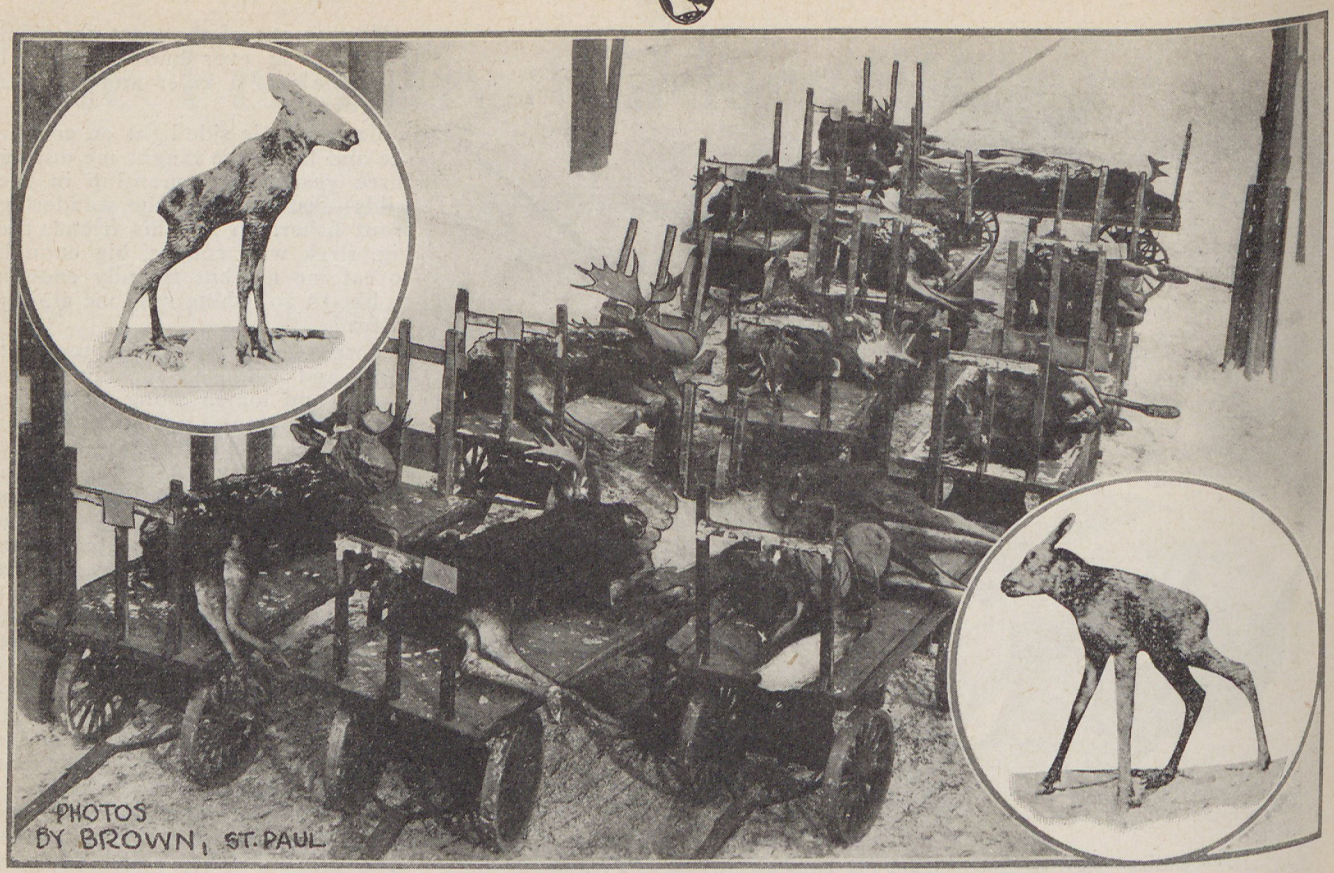

Can such slaughter be justified?

"—And Our Posterity"

By
DONALD HOUGH

WHEN a state legislature looks farther ahead than the next election, it is a good sign.

Observe, then, that the Minnesota state legislature has passed a bill putting the moose on the permanently protected list in that state. In doing this, the legislators looked not only beyond next election, but even into the next generation, and far into the generations to come.

The last herd of moose of any size in the United States, and what, with the herd of the Quetico Provincial forest which adjoins the Minnesota moose country on the north, is probably the largest body of moose in central north America, will continue to fulfil its mission of education and enjoyment to outdoorsmen for many years to come.

These moose will assist in the business of carrying on, to those who are following us now and who will follow us in the future, something of the spirit of the too rapidly disappearing wilderness of our country.

The events leading up to the permanent protection of moose in Minnesota were undoubtedly a reflection of the popular wave of agitation for conservation of natural resources and wild life which, largely due to the influence and activities of the Izaak Walton League, is now sweeping the country.

The St. Paul (Minn.) Daily News initiated the campaign early in the Fall and kept everlastingly pounding away until the convening of the legislature. An intensive lobby was made, the Izaak Walton League came to the front to assist, and the bill was introduced and passed overwhelmingly.

With the closed season on moose, came also an alternate closed season on deer, in spite of the efforts of the organized sportsmen and the game and fish commissioner to promote adoption of the "buck" law. This law was advocated by sportsmen as a whole, but strenuous opposition was shown by residents of the big game districts, who fought hard for the alternate season law instead. It was contended that the buck law was a failure on the grounds that it was impossible for the average city sportsman to distinguish between the sexes in the woods, and particularly in the excitement of the chase; that it would result in the killing of thousands of does wastefully; that the does needed the bucks for their protection, and that it was not policy to monkey with the proportions of the sexes determined on by nature.

The interest in big game legislation reached a point never before attained in the state. On the occasion of a public hearing before a joint meeting of the game committees of both branches of the legislature, in order to thrash out the moose and deer provisions, sportsmen and representatives of sportsmen's organizations came from all corners of the state. It is interesting to observe that the northeastern part of the state, in which the big game is located, was solidly behind the most drastic conservative laws—a permanent closed season on moose and an alternate closed season on deer. Many advocated a five year closed season on deer.

The permanent closed season on moose was passively opposed by the organized sportsmen of the state, and actively contested by a number of hunters. These said, "Look here, the closed moose season would merely be the first step toward a prohibition of hunting. There are movements on foot now to close up everything. Don't let's make a start in that direction."

But how foolish such an attitude! If the hunters don't get wise and start to clean house themselves, removing the justifiable complaints of the extreme conservationists, then the "abolitionists" will pile up arguments against the hunters until—the deluge.

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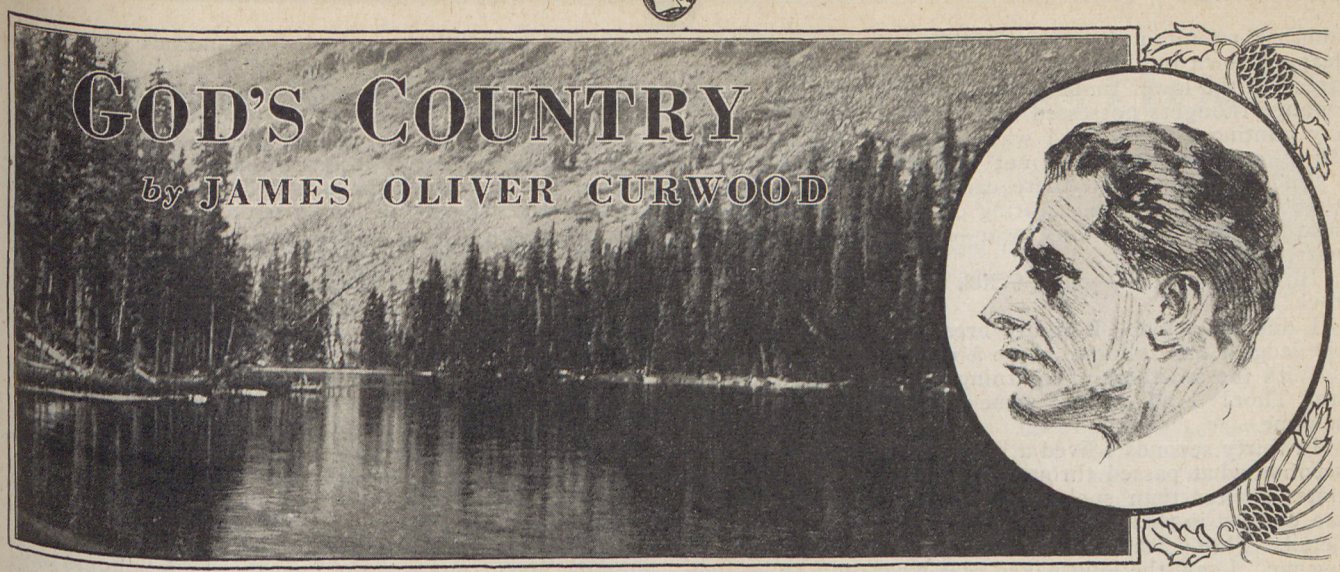
"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson



GOD'S COUNTRY

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

IT was the music of running water—music ever in the air of summer, for the rivers and creeks and tiny streamlets gushing down from the melting snow up near the clouds are never still. Sweet perfumes as well as music came to me; June and July—the last of spring and the first of summer in the northern mountains—were commingling. All the earth was bursting with green; flowers were turning the sunny slopes and meadows into colored splashes of red and white and purple, and everything that had life was giving voice to exultation—the fat whistlers on their rocks, the pompous little gophers on their mounds, the squirrel-like rock-rabbits, the big bumblebees that buzzed from flower to flower, the hawks in the valley, and the eagles over the peaks.

Earth, it seemed, was at peace.

And I, looking over all that vastness of life, felt my own greatness thrust upon me.

For had not the Creator, of all things, made this wonderland for **me?**

There could be no denial. I was master—master because I could think, because I could reason, because I held the reins to an unutterable power of destruction. And then the vastness of time seized upon me like a living thing. Yesterday, a thing had happened which came strongly into my thoughts of today. Under a great overhanging cliff I had found a part of a monster bone, as heavy as iron—a section of a gigantic vertebra. Two years before I had found part of the skeleton of a prehistoric creature, identical with this, and, from photographs which I took of it the scientific departments of the University of Michigan and the government at Ottawa agreed that the bones were part of the skeleton of a mammoth whale that once had swum where the valleys and peaks of the Rocky Mountains now disrupt the continent.

And on this Sunday, looking down, I thought of the monster bone I had found yesterday in the dry shale and sand under the cliff. When the Three Wise Men saw the star in the east, that bone was as I had found it. It was there when Christ was born. It was there, unmoved and untouched, before Rome was founded, before Troy died in the mists of the past, before history, as we know history, began. It was there a million years ago, ten million, fifty, a hundred. And, thinking of this, I felt myself growing smaller and smaller; my egoism died away, and I saw these mountains obliterated and under the blue of a vast ocean, and rising out of that ocean I saw other continents, peopled with other people, moved by other religions, beating to the pulse of other civilizations long dead. I heard the beat of waves below me, where grew the grass and the flowers of the valley. And the droning music of that valley seemed to change into the low whisperings of countless trillions of men and women and little children who had lived and died in those other civilizations of the lost ages; and that fancied whispering of dead worlds told me a great truth—that the Supreme Arbiter of things had watched over all those trillions just as he was now watching over me, that I was but a pitifully small grain of dust in the great scheme of things, that my egoism was criminal, sacrilegious, a curse set upon myself by myself. And the soft and droning whisper also told me the time would come when my own "civilization" would be obliterated, to be followed by a hundred, a thousand, or a million others, each in its turn to live and die.

And it was then, on that Sunday precious to me, that I asked myself an old, old question in a great, new way—"What is God?"

And looking down into the valley, and up into the sky, understanding came to me. God is there, and there, and there. He is the Infinite Power. He is Life. Life began infinities ago, and it will continue through other infinities. While we are squabbling among ourselves with our little religions and our little views, while we are preaching the damnation of beliefs that are not ours, while sects fight to convert sects that do not think as they think, while our narrow-gage minds travel in their narrow-gage paths,—that Infinite Power is watching and waiting, as it has watched and waited from the beginning, and as it will watch and wait until the end. And I stared down into the valley, green and glorious and filled with sunshine and peace, and that low-sung whisper seemed to say, "If this is not God what **is** God?" And then also, in a new way, came something in my brain which said to me, **"And who are you?"**

I climbed higher up the mountain. I felt my greatness gone. Kindly, something had told me how pitiful I was. I was not mighty. I was no more in the ultimate of things than a blade of grass. My egoism, on that glorious Sunday, began to crumble in my soul. And then, by chance if you will have it so, came the climax of that day.

I came to a sheer wall of rock that rose hundreds of feet above me. Along this ran a narrow ledge, and I followed it. The passage became craggy and difficult, and in climbing over a broken mass of rock, I slipped and fell. I had brought a light mountain-gun with me, and in trying to recover myself I swung it about with such force that the stock struck a sharp edge of rock and broke clean off. But I had saved myself from possible death, and was in a frame of mind to congratulate myself rather than curse my luck. Fifty feet farther on I came to a "pocket" in the cliff, where the ledge widened until, at this particular place, it was like a flat table twenty feet square. Here I sat down, with my back to the precipitous wall, and began to examine my broken rifle.

I laid it beside me, useless. Straight up at my back rose the sheer face of the mountain; in front of me, had I leaped from the ledge, my body would have hurtled through empty air for a thousand feet. In the valley I could see the creek, like a ribbon of shimmering silver; two or three miles away was a little lake; on

another mountain I saw a bursting cascade of water leaping down the heights and losing itself in the velvety green of the lower timber. For many minutes, new and strange thoughts possessed me. I did not look through my hunting glasses, for I was no longer seeking game. My blood was stirred, but not with the desire to kill.

And then, suddenly, there came a sound to my ears that seemed to stop the beating of my heart. I had not heard it until it was very near—approaching along the narrow ledge.

It was the click,—click,—click of claws rattling on rock!

I did not move. I hardly breathed. And out from the ledge I had followed came a monster bear!

With the swiftness of lightning, I recognized him. It was Thor! And, in that same instant, the great beast saw me.

In thirty seconds I lived a lifetime, and in those thirty seconds what passed through my mind was a thousand times swifter than spoken word. A great fear rooted me, and yet in that fear I saw everything to the minutest detail. Thor's massive head and shoulders were fronting me. I saw the long naked scar where my bullet had plowed through his shoulder; I saw another wound in his fore leg, still ragged and painful, where another of my soft-nosed bullets had torn like an explosion of dynamite. The giant grizzly was no longer fat and sleek as I had first seen him ten days ago. All that time he had been fighting for his life; he was thinner; his eyes were red; his coat was dull and unkempt from lack of food and strength. But at that distance, less than ten feet from me, he seemed still a mighty brother of the mountains themselves. As I sat stupidly, stunned to the immobility of a rock in my hour of doom, I felt the overwhelming conviction of what had happened. Thor had followed me along the ledge, and, in this hour of vengeance and triumph, it was I, and not the great beast, who was about to die.

It seemed to me that an eternity passed in these moments. And Thor, mighty in his strength, looked at me and did not move. And this thing that he was looking at,—shrinking against the rock,—was the creature that had hunted him; this was the creature that had hurt him, and it was so near that he could reach out with his paw and crush it! And how weak and white and helpless it looked now! What a pitiful, insignificant thing it was! Where was its strange thunder? Where was its burning lightning? Why did it make no sound?

Slowly Thor's giant head began swinging from side to side; then he advanced—just one step—and in a slow, graceful movement reared himself to his full, magnificent height. For me, it was the beginning of the end. And in that moment, doomed as I was, I found no pity for myself. Here, at last, was justice! I was about to die. I, who had destroyed so much of life, found how helpless I was when I faced life with my naked hands. **And it was justice!** I had robbed the earth of more life than would fill the bodies of a thousand men, and now my own life was to follow that which I had destroyed. Suddenly fear left me. I wanted to cry out to that splendid creature that I was sorry, and could my dry lips have framed the words, it would not have been cowardice—but truth.

I have read many stories of truth and hope and faith and charity. From a little boy, my father tried to teach me what it meant to be a gentleman, and he lived what he tried to teach. And from the days of my small boyhood, mother told me stories of great and good men and women, and in the days of my manhood, she faithfully lived the great truth that of all precious things charity and love are the most priceless. Yet had I accepted it all in the narrowest and littlest way. Not until this hour on the edge of the cliff did I realize how small can be the soul of a man buried in his egoism—or how splendid can be the soul of a beast.

For Thor knew me. That I know. He knew me as the deadliest of all his enemies on the face of the earth. Yet until I die will I believe that, in my helplessness, he no longer hated me or wanted my life. For slowly he came down upon all fours again, and, limping as he went, he continued along the ledge—**and left me to live!**

I am not, in these days, sacrilegious enough to think that the Supreme Power picked my poor insignificant self from among a billion and a half other humans especially to preach a sermon to that glorious Sunday on the mountainside. Possibly it was all mere chance. It may be that another day Thor would have killed me in my helplessness. It may all have been a lucky accident for me. Personally, I do not believe it, for I have found that the soul of the average beast is cleaner of hate and of malice than that of the average man. But whether one believes with me or not, does not matter, so far as the point I want to make is concerned—that from this hour began the great change in me, which has finally admitted me into the peace and joy of universal brotherhood with Life. It matters little how a sermon or a great truth comes to one; it is the result that counts.

I returned down the mountain, carrying my broken gun with me. And everywhere I saw that things were different. That fat whistlers, big as woodchucks, were no longer so many targets, watching me cautiously from the rock-tops; the gophers, sunning themselves on their mounds, meant more to me now than a few hours ago. I looked off to a distant slide on another mountain and made out the half-dozen sheep I had studied through my glasses earlier in the day. But my desire to kill was gone. I did not realize the fullness of the change that was upon me then. In a dull sort of way, I accepted it as an effect of shock, perhaps as a passing moment of repentance and gratitude because of my escape. I did not tell myself that I would never kill sheep again except when mutton was necessary to my camp fire. I did not promise the whistlers long lives. And yet the change was on me, and growing stronger in my blood with every breath I drew. The valley was different. Its air was sweeter. Its low song of life and running waters and velvety winds whispering between the mountains was new inspiration to me. The grass was softer under my feet; the flowers were more beautiful; the earth itself held a new thrill for me.

A few nights later, beside a small fire we had built in the cool of evening, I tried to tell old Donald something about the Transfiguration, how Christ had gone up on the mount with Peter and John and James, and what had happened there.

"It wasn't that Christ himself was actually changed as he prayed on the mountain-top," I said to Donald. "The change was in Peter and John and James, who in these moments saw Christ with a new vision and a new understanding. The Transfiguration was simply a mental process of their own; they saw clearly now where before they had been half blind. And I am wondering if this old world of ours wouldn't change for us in the same way if we saw it with understanding, and looked at it with clean eyes?"

So, on this other Sunday, as the evening draws on, I look back through the years between me and that day on the mountain-top, and the memory of Thor fills a warm corner of my heart. Through him I have the happy thought that I was given birth into a new world, and all things now hold a new significance for me. I have discovered for myself, in a small way, the wonderful secret of the instinctive processes of nature, and in a thousand ways I have found this instinct, coming directly from the fount of supreme direction, far more amazing than reasoning itself. I understand more clearly, I think, why all humanity loves a baby, no matter how ugly it may be. It is because it is so utterly dependent upon instinct alone, so completely helpless, so absolutely without reason or protection of its own. We like to believe that a baby is very close to God, simply because it has no reasoning and because it is as yet purely a creature of instinctive processes. And yet, as we lay down our lives for its protection, we forget that adult man, with all his reasoning and his power, was originally a creature of instinct himself. We forget that it took millions of years to give him a language, and that possession of language alone has made him a supercreature. For it is language that gives birth to reason, allows of communication of thought, and

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Benedict Arnold and Barbless Hooks

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER
Vice-President the Outlook Company.

For permission to print this article by Mr. Pulsifer we have to thank the Outlook, in which periodical it will shortly appear.

THERE is one heroic chapter in American history which has almost been wiped from memory by a later chapter of infamy. Some day a playwright may find a place for both chapters in a tragic drama which will combine an amazing psychological interest with an interpretation of the making of America.

The first chapter of which I am thinking deals with Benedict Arnold's brave expedition to Quebec. The second chapter needs no definition here. It is not my purpose to retell the story of the Quebec expedition. It can be found in its most complete form in Codman's history, based upon the journals of men who suffered with Arnold in his high adventure. I recall the expedition only to remind Outlook readers that the region which was to the soldiers of Arnold an untamed and savage wilderness—a region which brought to many of them death by disease, drowning, and starvation—is today one of the pleasantest recreation grounds in the East. It is my recollection that one of Arnold's soldiers wrote that God had set apart this region for all time to be the abode of wild beasts alone.

Arnold followed the Kennebec River to a point where he could take his bateaux and supplies twelve miles across country to the Dead River. Up the Dead River he went in the early winter, battling with freshet and frost. From the source, just above Chain of Ponds, he made the "terrible carry" over the Boundary Mountains and into the watershed of the St. Lawrence. He reached the St. Lawrence through Megantic Lake and the waters of the Chaudiere. So far as I can recall, almost the only alleviating incident of the journey was the discovery of a lake lying between the Kennebec and the Dead River where "salmon trout" averaging half a pound apiece could be caught at the rate of over a hundred an hour. Though the name "salmon trout" is used by Arnold himself, I suspect that our old friend **Salvelinus fontinalis** was the victim. Arnold probably did not have with him any of the monumental works of David Starr Jordan in which to verify his nomenclature.

To that same region men and women have been traveling for many years in search of the descendants of the fish that saved some of Arnold's men from starvation. There were as clean sportsmen in the old days as there are now, but many of the first recreation seekers caught and killed fish in the name of sport as fast as did Arnold's starving soldiers to keep body and soul together. They wasted the resources of the region in a way which, if continued, would have left the streams empty and the forests desolate. Some of the pioneer anglers never thought of returning any fish to the water; they just **had** to bring home their trophies for display. And the fish, beyond all measure of what could be eaten, were then taken out and buried in the woods.

Happily enough, the laws of Maine and a vast change in public sentiment have altered this condition immeasurably for the better, though the tribe of porcine piscators has not wholly vanished from the earth.

A witness to this change in sentiment is given by the picture which accompanies this article. It is a view of Grant Pond in Franklin County, a body of water named after Ed Grant, a pioneer guide and best of Maine's illustrious tellers of yarns. He died a few years ago full of honor among natives and sportsmen alike. This pond, which lies a few miles away from the place where Arnold crossed the Boundary Mountains and less than half a mile from one of the sources of the Dead River, is within the territory occupied by one of the oldest fish and game clubs in Maine. The directors of this club, the Megantic, have decreed that no fish shall be caught in this water save by the use of a barbless fly. The Fish and Game Commissioner of Maine has promised, I have been assured, that this club regulation will be backed up by an order from his department. Maine, wisely enough, gives to its Fish and Game Commissioner power to alter or amend (within certain limits) the fishing regulations of the State as local conditions may require.

When this State regulation goes into effect, there ought to be a bronze tablet put on the shore of Grant Pond recording this advance in the long fight for the protection of America's outdoors. There are many lakes and streams throughout the country which would benefit by the same protection against the destruction of the immature fish life which has come to Grant Pond.

View of Grant Pond in Franklin County, Maine, where is located the Megantic Fish and Game Club, whose directors have decreed that only the barbless hook shall be used in these waters.

What Happened Up the Creek

By ELMER E. RAWDON

Illustration by Percy Couse

IT was away back in 1890 when I sold E. J. Jones his first order of goods to stock a brand new little hardware store in Hillsboro, a little town of about six or seven hundred souls in the foothills of the Adirondacks. It was a blamed unhandy place to get to but I was young then; in fact, I was just getting started as a salesman and would have gone almost to the ends of the earth itself for an order. Ambition was my middle name and no town was too far out of my way, providing there was any business there at all. This particular order amounted to, perhaps, six or seven hundred dollars, and you can bet your boots that I was one happy kid when I proudly turned it in at the office. Fortunately for us both, E. J. had just gotten well started, or rather, I should say, poorly started, when they struck oil all around the place and Hillsboro grew like a puff-ball until it reached about three thousand. E. J. at this time was in mighty sad shape financially and our house was just about ready to close him up. I was a pretty much worried young man, for such a procedure would have given me a fine black-eye with the boss, who held us responsible for all conditions that existed between the house and a customer. But with the coming of oil there came also a lot of business for E. J. and it wasn't long before he had all his old debts straightened up, a good line of credit established and became the best customer I had. The proverbial goose hung high, so to speak, for about a year, when along came a fellow by the name of Tad Jones and started up right straight across the street from E. J. They were just about the same in build and nearly the same age, somewhere in their early thirties, I should say. There they were, each straight across the street from the other, each with a hardware store and each a Jones with Main street between them for a battle ground.

These two Joneses, fortunately, were no relation, which saved a possible family tree from looking as though it had been struck by lightning. From the very start they were just about as popular with each other as the smallpox, and at that time smallpox was considered quite some disease. There was one existing tie, however, but it bore no relation to, "The tie that binds," in this case. They were both enthusiastic fishermen. Not just the ordinary cane-pole type, but rather, they were of the very highest order of anglers. They were fly casters to the 'nth degree. Two truer champions of Old Izaak never donned waders. And yet, I doubt if ever any two men harbored such a hatred in their breasts for each other as these two did, from the very first time that their eyes met across the street.

E. J., of course, being in on the ground floor when Hillsboro was but little more than a cow pasture, and after having fought the wolf from the door until oil came and saved him; felt that he had the moral right to the business of that vicinity, and Tad was nothing more than a cheap interloper. To his way of thinking the population absolutely did not warrant two such stores, at least that close together. If Tad had only started in at the other end of town or down the street a little farther or most any other place, I don't think that E. J. would have taken it quite so hard, but as he said, "To have the damned place stuck right under his nose where he had to look at it every time he went to his door or swatted a fly on his front window, was enough to make any man mad enough to spit in a rattlesnake's face." On the other hand, Tad felt that there was plenty of business there for both of them, and if he could purchase that particular location cheaper than any other place in town, he'd be a fool if he didn't do it. And besides, if he didn't mind E. J. being across the street from him, he didn't see why the devil E. J. should care where he was; and further than that, he had a right to go into business anywhere he damned pleased and no one had any grounds for interference. And thus it stood.

By this time there were several salesmen stopping at Hillsboro. Some called on Tad and some on E. J., but I was the only one who called on them both. I guess I felt just a little like E. J. in that respect. Somehow or other, the hardware business in Hillsboro seemed to belong to me. It had, sort of, become my pet town. I had made friends with all the town folk, and called them by their first names, their interests had become my interests. I attended their booster meetings and social functions, so you could bet your life that I didn't intend to let anyone else come in and get any more of the business than I could help. Of course, neither E. J. nor Tad liked the idea of my calling on the other, and each did all he could to wean me away, but I wouldn't wean. I sometimes think that they'd have both quit me cold could they have afforded to, but I represented one of the best houses in the east, both from a standpoint of good merchandise and good business ethics. Then too, each knew that if he quit me the other would handle our goods exclusively. Due to these facts, and the fact that sometimes they outdid themselves to show me how cheap the other was, Hillsboro became a regular little gold mine for me. All I had to do was to treat each alike, show no favors and keep my mouth shut. This latter fact I discovered one day nearly to my sorrow. I made the suggestion, in a roundabout way, to E. J. that it might be to their mutual advantage to sort of get together and thresh out their difficulties. When the gist of my conversation finally sunk in, the old boy just stood still and looked at me, for a full minute, as though he were going to tear me limb from limb, and then he started. I'll not take the time to recite that monologue, and besides I could get six months for repeating it. Suffice it to say, that that was the first, last and only time I ever alluded to the subject. They did get together, though, one day, right out in the middle of Main street, but it was to thresh out each other instead of their difficulties, as I had suggested, and had not some of the good citizens of Hillsboro happened along and parted them, much physical damage might have been the result. As it was Tad had a beautiful pair of large, dark, blue eyes which stayed with him for several long, miserable days, while E. J. did his best to hide a white bandage under his hat that covered an ear which Tad, in a carnivorous manner, had gotten between his teeth and refused to let go.

You can well imagine what a task I faced with both of these old rascals on my hands. Individually, and as long as they could keep their minds off each other, no two finer men ever lived. They were well liked by the community at large, and each had a host of friends. But a more beautiful pair of burglars, in the eyes of each other, never graced the famed halls of Sing Sing prison.

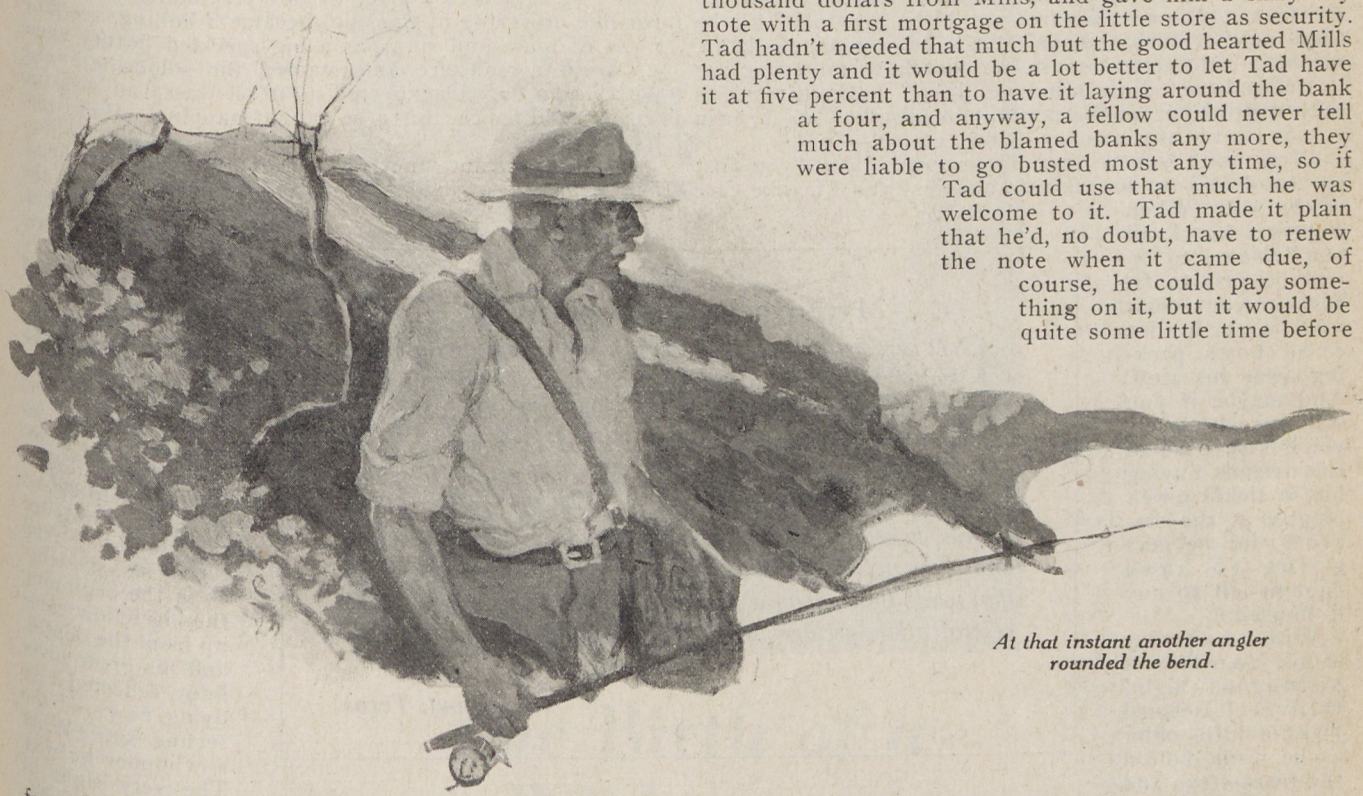
When I'd call on Tad he'd invariably tell me of the latest atrocities of that low down, honorless, price cutting, snake-in-the-grass across the street. And when I'd go over to E. J.'s place he'd burst forth into such an opulence of eloquence against Tad that Demosthenes would have hung his head for shame, had he heard it. Of course, I knew that they were both wrong, but I was powerless. All I could do was to listen and try, whenever possible, to turn the subject into other channels. Being somewhat of an angler, I had many a pleasant little session with each of them discussing the art, but

even during these little chats they couldn't keep from taking an occasional thrust at each other. E. J. would remark that to his knowledge Tad had never taken a fish or anything else honestly in all his life. And Tad would say that from what he'd heard E. J. was just about as much credit to the angling world as Judas Iscariot was to the Christian religion, and anyway, how could a damned old cuss like that be a real fisherman or a real anything?

For thirty years these two old pirates carried on their feud like Kentucky mountaineers. For thirty years Tad had shaken his fist at E. J.'s front window at least a half dozen times a day. For thirty years E. J. had nursed the wound that this human thorn had made in his side, drugging himself always with the pleasant thought that some day the Goddess of Fate would give him the revenge for which he had so long waited. And for thirty years each had closed his store for one week, beginning with the first day of June, and had gone up the creek to lose himself in the big outdoors. Perhaps, there might have been a day when Tad had shaken his fist at E. J.'s window only five times, or there might have been a day when E. J. forgot his enemy for a short while, but never, in all these thirty years, had either of them forgotten to hang the "Back in One Week" sign on his front door promptly on the first day of June. The Law had come along and said that the trout season would open on the fifteenth of April, but the first day of June when the bugs and flies were in their glory and the birds were decked in their gayest coats had always meant the opening of the season for these old fellows and they would not put a foot in the water one minute before, no matter what the Law said.

Naturally one could not expect this silent war to go on forever, at least to remain silent. The laws of human nature would not permit it. Sometime, somehow, something would happen to bring things to a climax, as something always happens to everything as long as Father Time wields his great scythe, and so something did happen. There came a day and with it came the opportunity for which E. J. had so long hoped, yes, almost lived for.

There had been a rather sharp salesman by the name of Mills calling on Tad for several years, and somehow, in his smooth way, he had wormed himself into Tad's confidence, and discovered that the old fellow had made some rather unwise investments in oils and other things, and although he had assets enough to cover his losses, he was badly in need of some ready cash. Mills readily saw that he could convert this information into a few hundred dollars and so immediately went to E. J. with it. E. J., although a bit suspicious at first, quickly struck a bargain with him, and that night found them in close conference with Jake Wendle, a lawyer of questionable character. Jake soon worked out the details of the scheme that Mills had outlined. The results were that the next day poor old Tad borrowed the sum of twenty thousand dollars from Mills, and gave him a sixty day note with a first mortgage on the little store as security. Tad hadn't needed that much but the good hearted Mills had plenty and it would be a lot better to let Tad have it at five percent than to have it laying around the bank at four, and anyway, a fellow could never tell much about the blamed banks any more, they were liable to go busted most any time, so if Tad could use that much he was welcome to it. Tad made it plain that he'd, no doubt, have to renew the note when it came due, of course, he could pay something on it, but it would be quite some little time before he would be able to return the full amount. Mills assured him that he need have no worries on that score, for he could renew it as often as he wished. So old Tad took his word and was ignorantly happy. He paid off his debts with a lot of E. J.'s perfectly good money, retained his good credit, bought a new sign for the front of his store, turned his thought to the coming of June which was only two months away, and forgot for the time the note which, unknowingly to him, lay snugly in E. J.'s strong box with the mortgage nestling beside it.



At that instant another angler rounded the bend.

Then, after what seemed ages, came the first of June, the day of all days of the year, and the beginning of the week of all weeks. Tad had written Mills telling him of his fishing trip, and since the note came due on the second of June, he asked him if it wouldn't be possible for him to make his trip through Hillsboro a little early this time, instead of around the first as usual. They could then take care of their business and the fishing trip would not be interfered with. He received no reply, and so decided to go anyway, and take care of things on his return. Mills wouldn't mind, he knew, for hadn't he told him not to let the note worry him? And so the night before the first saw old Tad far up the creek, sleeping peacefully on his bed of pine boughs, near his favorite pools, dreaming of the big fellows chasing up and down the stream like race horses, hurling defiance at the world in general and anglers in particular.

E. J. spent the same evening with Wendle going over with him for the last time the details of their scheme.

"Well," said Jake as they at last arose, "it's perfect in every way. I can't see a single thing that can possibly interfere with the outcome. There isn't a chance in the world for him to get money enough to pay off that note on the second."

"Jake," said E. J., "ye jest got ter put this across fer me. I'll never get 'nother chance like it. Ye don't know what it means ter me. I'm willin' ter pay any price; any price ye ask after it's over, but if ye fail ye wont get a damned, red cent, an' besides I'll hound ye ter yer grave, so help me God I will," and the old man's eyes shot fire. "I'm sorry," he continued, "that I aint going ter be here ter see every bit o' the fun from the very start, but I aint missed the fust week in June up the creek fer thirty years, an' I'm too old ter begin missin' now. I aint got so many more times ter go, Jake, fer I'm gettin' purty well along in years now, an' I don't inten' ter let no Tad Jones er anyone else keep me from thet one pleasure, not by a jug full. I'll be there at the finish tho' an' thet'll be jest as good, an' mebbe a little better, 'cause he wont have no suspicions if I aint here. Now mind ye, Jake," he continued as they stepped out on the porch, "no mistakes, an' I warn ye not ter try any monkey-shines, or by!—"

"Now don't you worry," interrupted Jake, "you just go ahead on your fool fishing business and I'll take care of the rest. When you get back all you'll have to do will be just to sit back in your chair and watch the creditors packing away his stuff. And maybe if you watch real closely you'll see one of his friends buying him a ticket over there at the station, for he isn't going to have enough left to buy it himself."

With that they shook hands and said good-night. Old E. J. seemed just a little older as he went down the front steps and followed the cinder path that twisted its way through the trees to the road, where his old gray mare stood switching flies in the shadows.

He took one last peek in the back of the buggy to make sure he had not overlooked anything he might need for the coming week, clambered up on the seat, slapped the reins up and down on old Bettie's back a couple of times and headed her up the long, dark, winding road that follows the creek.

As the first rays of the morning sun scattered themselves among the green hills the two old grizzlies took to the rushing waters. Forgotten of each other were they, and such trifles as notes and mortgages had long since left their peaceful minds. Yet, strange as it may seem, each had the same thought, "Would the next cast be a strike?"

All morning they whipped their favorite pools, changing from this fly to that and using every trick in their category to entice the wily fighter of the crystal waters, but to no avail. Neither could get a rise. Noontime came and each sat down on the mossy bank, miles apart, to eat his snack and wash it down with a cooling drink from a transparent spring, of which there were many. Then came a short rest and they lay back on the soft green couch, offered by mother earth, and watched the birds as they happily flitted back and forth among the branches overhead. Truly, "Fishing was not all in taking fish."

Again they waded hip deep in the swift, cold water and began anew, but luck was still against them. E. J. had taken two small ones which were under size and he promptly threw them back. Tad had not even had a strike, but hope never deserted him. In his eagerness, however, he had strayed afar from his usual haunts, and evening found him down stream a long way from camp, ready to make a last cast into a deep pool between two huge rocks, just at a bend.

"One more cast," said Tad to himself, "and I'll call it a day."

He moved around quietly until he had the sun in his face and then approached the spot. The fly fluttered out and dropped like a feather on the smooth, polished side of one of the big rocks, and tumbled gently to the glassy surface, causing hardly a ripple. He let it rest there for just a moment and then started it on its journey across the pool. Slowly, almost painfully it moved, just a very little at a time, making minute ringlets as it feebly struggled to a place of safety. Suddenly the mirror-like quietness of the pool became a boiling, seething mass of foam and spray as a big speckled beauty came up from somewhere and started for somewhere else with Tad's fly. Unexpected as it all was, Tad was too wise an old fisherman to be caught napping. He struck like lightning.

At that instant another angler rounded the bend, and came to a sudden stop as his eyes took in the scene before him. For thirty years these two old men had fished the same stream, but never before had they come face to face. Somehow, I shall always feel that Old Izaak engineered that meeting. For a full minute E. J. stood and sneeringly watched the battle. And then as suddenly as in the beginning the big fellow came up from the depths, and his great silver body reflected the dying rays of the setting sun. What a whopper he was. The very sight of him made old E. J. forget altogether the angler on the butt end of the bent and straining rod. All his thoughts turned to the great fish. Again the gleaming body left the water and shot through the air for two yards, just as Tad slipped on a rock and nearly went down.

"Look out!" yelled E. J. in his excitement, "hold 'im, hold 'im! Give 'im line, don't let 'im get around them rocks! Give 'im line! No, I mean take in line!" Once more the spray flew in every direction as the leopard of the brook stood on his tail and danced across the pool. "Hold 'im, hold 'im, for the love o'heaven, hold 'im!" shouted E. J. anew, jumping up and down in the water and waving his arms like a maniac. Then for the first time Tad spoke.

"Quit yer damned yellin' and come 'ere quick!" he cried, "I lost my net when I slipped! Hurry, for God's sake hurry or he'll get away!"

Old E. J. hesitated for just a second at the sound of his enemy's voice, and then he got into action. Like a wounded hippopotamus he charged through the water, yelling at every jump, "Hold 'im, hold 'im, I'm coming!" Twice the old man fell and twice he picked himself up dripping with the icy, cold water. His line became tangled around his feet and snapped his new three ounce rod off at the butt, but still he came, and at last he, somehow, slipped the net under the big fighter just as he made a final leap and threw the hook twenty feet away.

"I got 'im, I got 'im!" he yelled and he hugged the big fish, net and all close to him as he waded to shore. Old Tad followed slowly with bent shoulders and trembling knees, dragging his rod in the water. When they reached the bank both sank down on the soft green grass, completely exhausted. Tad still clutching his rod and E. J.

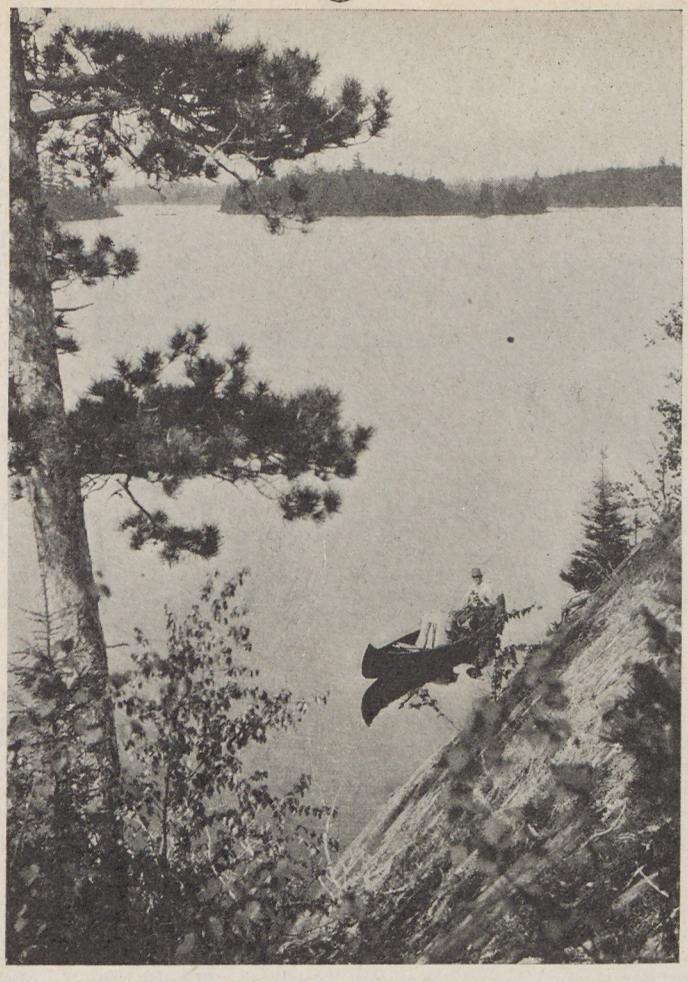
(Continued on page 490)

My Favorite Fishing Story

AND here is a word of cheer for the disciples of Izaak Walton. "The evidence shows," remarks the court in Louis v. State, 3 Ga. App. 322, 59 S. E. 933, "that the defendant did some considerable work during every month prior to his arrest, and that his only relaxation from too constant toil was in 'plying his finest art to lure from dark haunts, beneath the tangled roots of pendent trees,' the alert and wary denizens of the river. Surely it will not be said that while thus engaged he was idling. If he was not successful, all the greater proof of his patient and hopeful labor."

DR. J. E. STORY,
Beaumont, Texas

It is with justifiable pride that the Izaak Walton League looks upon its part in the saving of the Superior National Forest from the proposed desecration of building automobile roads through its beautiful virgin wilderness country.



The Birth *of a* Wilderness

By PAUL B. RIIS

THE Superior National Forest is a treasure-land of beauty incomparable, a wilderness chaste and undefiled as in the days of Sieur du Lhut.

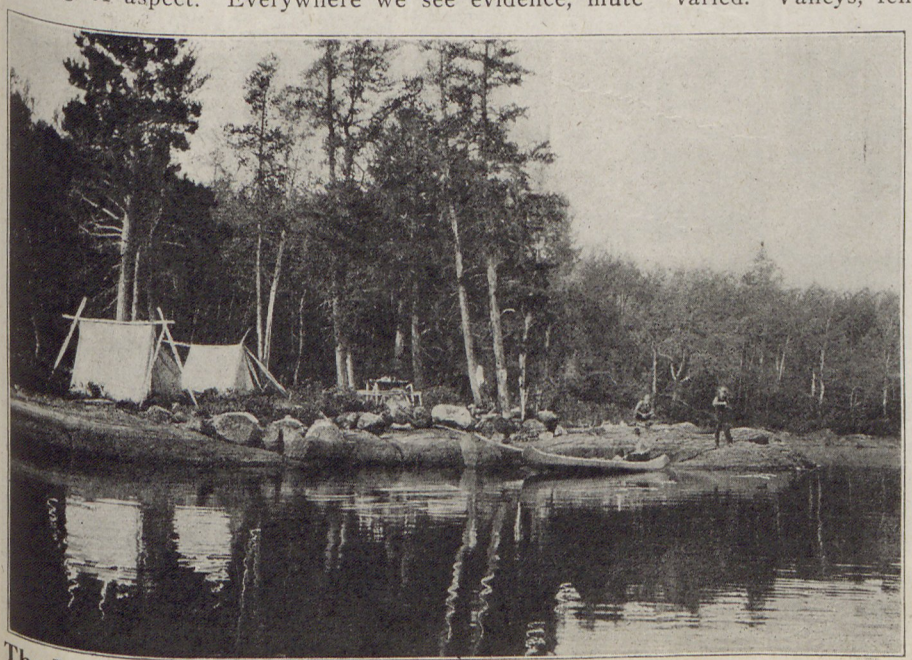
Follow me a few brief moments, over its canoe trails, its portages, through the cooling shade of the pinewoods, scramble with me over its high places and drink in the fragrance of its mysterious depths, taste of its refreshing waters and perhaps you, too, will want to cry out in protest against any despoliation of its wilderness beauty.

Above the rocky barrier of the north shore between Lake Superior and the Canadian boundary are found battlefields prehistoric. Ice-sheets, massive of form, stormed the granite ramparts of the Mesaba Range. Through countless ages warriors of titan strength engaged in struggles intense of purpose, tremendous of force and destructive of action.

Deeply torn and scarred, the field of gigantic conflict emerged from primordial travail, austere of countenance and forbidding of aspect. Everywhere we see evidence, mute and indubitable, of the intensity of strife, chaos of mountains crumbled, valleys obstructed, gaping moraines and huge beds of glacial deposits, bleak, barren and devoid of life, fitting tomb for death itself.

Intent on her mission of mercy, Dame Nature passing that way, went graciously about healing the ugly wounds. She filled the valleys with waters clear as crystal and stocked them with abundance of fish. She adorned the wreckage and broken ridges with covers of fragrance and luxuriance. Softened the mountains and uplands that were torn, with birch and cedar and the spruce and balsam of the northlands. Diligently she obscured the scars that were hideous, with leaping brooks, with fen and marshland lush of grasses and verdant of vision, with pools and lakes translucent and shimmering.

Nature blended plant and tree life generously; she diversified the terrain, she provided a profusion of waters — swift or sluggish: these were her ways of supplying elements necessary to support wild life abundant and varied. Valleys, fens, woodland, forest, rocky highland and mountains were now filled with life, animated, exuberant and virile, finding its lot cast in places that were pleasant.



Born of glacial pressure that was terrific, of grinding icefields, of shifting drift and raging torrents and the eroding tooth of time, there has come out of the crucible of agony and the struggle of death a priceless heritage, a treasure incomparable, the hinterland of Lake Superior, the Highlands of Minnesota, now set aside for the people of the United States as the Superior National Forest.

Differing from all other nationally owned reservations, this one not only stands in the front ranks of the world's finest forests today, but at the same time is the only lakeland wilderness nationally owned or available.

Minnesota fondly advertises its charms as the land of ten thousand lakes. The Superior Na-

tional Forest furnishes a majority of these. Of the 1,268,000 acres included in the tract, about 250,000 acres, or one-fifth, are lakes. This feature places the Forest in a position of equal importance with other national recreation grounds. It is comparable to the Yellowstone and Glacier and suggests a type of recreation radically differing from that of all others.

These lakes, on the three-way water divide, are lying at various elevations, with some groups showing a decidedly Northeast by East direction, in the old path of wandering icesheets, others are everywhere dotting the landscape amid striking cliff and vast forests. Comparatively short portages connect these lakes, or streams link them with continuous waterways so that the vacationist may enjoy a paddle of 2,000 miles in his canoe without leaving the forest region nor cover the same canoe trail twice.

These water surfaces form natural highways leading into its remotest parts, highways that are smooth, delightful and picturesque. Being established and necessitating comparatively small expenditures for improvement of connecting portages, they become the dominant factor in the future development of the Forest.

In the past these natural highways have served their purpose—have made possible the exploration of an impassable wilderness. They have been of greatest importance in the conquest of the Northwest. Two hundred and fifty years ago little or nothing was known of the Lake Superior region, save that of little credited description by Indians of existing large inland waters. Dreaming of a northwest passage to Cathay and Cipango, China and Japan, and hoping to reach these by a short and direct water route over the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, the pioneers of New France advanced the outposts of civilization at every opportunity. The heavy demand for furs, coupled with a love for adventure, lured into the wilderness a class of men that are historically known as voyageurs (travellers) and coureurs de bois (wood rangers). Roaming the wilderness, hunting and trapping, paddling the streams and lakes and bartering with the Indians gradually brought them to Michilli-Mackinac (Mackinac Island), and a little beyond Sault St. Marie. From this point Pierre Esprit Radisson made the first trip of exploration over the eastern shore of Lake Superior. Shortly after came that hardy explorer, that in his time knew no peer, Daniel Grysolon du Lhut, the most daring spirit in the service of France, a fearless fighter, trader and a ruler of lawless red men and white.

He established the first trading post at the mouth of the Pigeon River in 1678 and another on the banks of the Kaministiquia River, in Thunder Bay under the commanding heights of the Sleeping Giant and Thunder Cape. Pigeon River, the boundary waters between Canada and the United States, connected directly with Hudson Bay, through Gunflint, Saganaga and the larger Rainy Lake and the Lake of the Woods. Reaching the rich peltries of the great Northwest, tapping the very heart of the fur trade and the vast prairies beyond these natural highways proved themselves broad avenues to fabulous wealth.

The forests, too, were found to be a terrestrial paradise, filled with game animals and fur bearers and the lakes stocked with inexhaustible supply of fish. The adjacent prairies of Dakota furnished vast herds of buffalo. A region so abundantly blessed with fish, birds and game, might well have been the inspiration of the red man's "Happy Hunting Grounds of Manitou."

Little disturbed or altered is the range now encompassed by the Superior Forest region of that explored by the intrepid Radisson, du Lhut, Hennepin de Noyan, and Verendrye. The wilderness, chaste, virginal and irresistible to the voyageur and wood ranger nearly 250 year ago, has lost little of its enchantment in all the years. It still shelters remnants of the once mighty Ojibway, a tribe which reached the zenith of power when it drove the Dakota from this hunters' paradise.

(Continued on page 503)

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Alaska Fisheries

By BOB BECKER

Bob Becker has spent months and months in Alaska fishing, hunting and exploring and is eminently fitted to speak with authority on this subject.

ALASKA has two kinds of gold. One comes from the bed of a stream or from rock ledges. The other is "wet gold" from the Pacific as represented in the fisheries of the Territory.

Few countries are blessed with these two kinds of gold as is Alaska. For years millions of dollars worth of "dust" has been shipped from the mines of the territories, but the amounts fade in comparison with the wealth of fish taken from the waters of the Pacific. Alaska's fisheries, the millions of pounds of salmon, halibut and other valuable food fishes, are even more valuable than the gold of the soil because properly conserved they constitute a constant source of income, whereas, an ounce of gold dust taken from the soil means the end of that piece of ground as a producer.

For years fishermen and other residents of the territory have seen what were apparently countless millions of salmon in the waters of Alaska. These remarkable and valuable food fishes streamed from the Pacific along the shore lines looking for fresh water in which to spawn. The supply looked inexhaustible. To have predicted that the salmon could ever be fished out seemed ridiculous. Yet today unless something is done to conserve the salmon of Alaska these food fishes are going to be wiped out. And it's the same old story—the same story that you and I have heard over and over again in connection with the buffalo, the passenger pigeon, the antelope, the trout and other forms of wild life in America. We have been wasteful, we have been greedy and anyway "who cares"?

Alaska is overfished. That is the whole story in a nutshell. With two salmon canneries, where in some cases there should be none or at least one, the salmon aren't given a chance. The Territorial Fish Commission in a recent report said:

"A review of past operations and a careful survey of the present situation brings the conviction that the wonderful struggle of the species (of salmon) has failed here as it has elsewhere when exploited beyond the limit of endurance."

To get a good pack of fish in southeastern Alaska today is no easy matter for a cannery, because the waters in this part of the Territory are overfished, according to the statement of E. M. Ball, Assistant Fisheries Agent at Juneau. A number of the canneries have been forced to close because of the scarcity or difficulty in securing fish. Some have gone bankrupt.

The situation in southeastern Alaska can indirectly be traced to the war. There was a great demand for fish at that time and the government wanted immense supplies of canned salmon. As a result canneries opened up in nearly every cove and bay in southeastern Alaska.

It became a mad scramble, sometimes a fight, to get salmon. Prices were high and the market was good. Get the fish was the aim, and often questionable methods were used in fishing. At that time there was no law against fishing in a salmon stream, and fishermen often went up the streams and took the salmon from their spawning beds. The result of practice as well as this overfishing has been marked and although this year but one-half of the number of canneries were operated that packed fish during the war period the waters of southeastern Alaska are being overfished. Cannerymen admit it, officials of the Bureau of Fisheries admit it. A survey of present conditions indicates that the struggle of the salmon for maintenance of the species has failed in Alaska as it has elsewhere when exploited beyond the limit of endurance.

Copy of Telegram Sent First National Convention of I.W.L.A.

THE Izaak Walton League is doing much to preserve and stimulate outdoor life and sport. It can also do much to create public opinion to support the preservation of our great food fisheries. Ruthless commercial exploitation has already destroyed some of our best and most prolific species. It is now making inroads into our great salmon fisheries in Alaska. The administration cannot succeed in its stand on control of these fisheries against chicanery and misrepresentation unless it has the active backing of such disinterested bodies as yours. Again our food fisheries are imperilled by our pollution along the coast and again unless such as your association who are devoted to public welfare will work and speak we cannot succeed. I wish you every success in your undertaking. You are indeed serving public interest.

Herbert Hoover.

E. M. Ball, Assistant Fisheries Agent in Juneau, in discussing with me last summer the salmon situation in southeastern Alaska said:

"Salmon fishing in southeastern Alaska has become more difficult each year because there are more canneries after a smaller number of fish. Some of the streams are fished out as, for instance, the Chilkat and the Chilkoot. In 1915 when there occurred the mushroom growth of the canning industry, there was no law against fishing up a creek or river. **Fish were taken from the spawning grounds** in some cases and there was no way under the law to stop it. As a result some streams were completely wiped out. The regulations put into effect January 1st, 1922, are designed to put a stop to this practice. These stipulate that no fishing can be done within 500 yards of the mouth of a salmon stream. This summer money was available to put watchmen in the field to see that fishermen obeyed the law. Thirty temporary employees were used to watch the streams and keep fishermen from fishing within the five hundred yard limit. By this method it is expected that salmon will get by the nets in large enough numbers to spawn so that the species will be maintained."

It will take five or six years to rehabilitate the fisheries in southeastern Alaska, according to Mr. Ball. More hatcheries are needed for one thing, and the other means to be used to bring back the salmon in southeastern Alaska have not yet been determined. Cannerymen say that the time has come when the government must clamp on the lid in southeastern Alaska in order to give the salmon a chance to come back and blame lax government regulations and fish hogs for the situation in southeastern Alaska today. They claim that fishing up salmon streams should never have been permitted, and if a company did fish in the streams the canneries doing this should have been forced to establish a hatchery to help restock that stream. Although the method of rehabitating the fisheries of southeastern Alaska has not been decided upon, cannery men are, as a rule, concerned

(Continued on page 491)

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

By TRAVERS D. CARMAN

This Department will be conducted monthly by Mr. Carman, who is one of America's foremost authorities on dogs. In his own words, "I dedicate this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greatest understanding of Dogs." Mr. Carman is glad to receive letters, photographs, stories, experiences and enquiries from all lovers of dogs and readers of this Department.

Your Game Warden

CHECK up on your Fish and Game Warden. Is he doing his duty or as a political appointee only camouflaging and getting away with it?

It isn't the occasional raid on the ice box of some poor inn-keeper that counts.

Make it your business to know the Fish and Game Warden of your district. He would do his duty if he dared, and he would dare if he had public sentiment behind him—yours and the other fellow's.

The Great Northern Paper Company of Maine is so powerful politically, I have been told by Maine guides, that it disregards all of that state's game laws. Deer and moose are shot in season and out. Sawdust is permitted to pollute trout streams and trout are taken whenever they can be caught.

The Wardens are helpless, they declare, for were one of them to arrest a Great Northern Paper Company employee he would lose his job. Public sentiment can do much to save the deer, moose and trout in Maine by backing up the Fish and Game Wardens and insisting that they do their duty regardless of political influence to the contrary.

Each state has its own Great Northern Paper Company in one lawless form or another. Make it your business to see that it is made to observe the Fish and Game Laws and that your Wardens are not subservient to it.

Were Fish and Game Wardens appointed under the Civil Service System and thus removed from all political influence, a mighty forward step would have to be taken in the protection and conservation of game, fish and birds.

A reader of the Monthly has written me asking for my opinion of the ideal grouse or partridge dog.

I HAVE owned English Setters, including the Llewellyn, Irish Setters and Pointers, and have worked them all on grouse—pheasants as they are called in the South, partridge or grouse in the North. They are all of them good, each with qualities of individual advantage.

The Irish Setter is a dog of great endurance and splendid physique, but headstrong and inclined to be unruly on the hunting field. Were I buying an Irish Setter, I would vastly prefer an Irish Setter bitch to a dog, because of the fact that the former is as a rule more obedient and therefore more easily handled.

The pointer is truly a great dog, intelligent, brave of heart, affectionate, easily controlled and also possesses great endurance. The only objection to him for grouse is that his short hair furnishes him with little or no protection from briars and thick brush. After several days' hard hunting, he is therefore apt to be physically a wreck, although mentally as eager as ever. He is an ideal hunting dog for open "covers."

In my opinion, the setter is the dog best suited for grouse shooting in the North. He is staunch, well protected with a heavy coat of hair, easily handled and possesses great endurance, except in the warmest weather. Of the English Setters, I personally prefer the Llewellyn, which of course is an offshoot of the English Setter, developed by Lord Llewellyn, and the strain standardized and introduced by him.

I have often felt that a good grouse dog was born, not made, for there is no more alert and tricky game bird than the grouse. A good grouse dog must possess therefore not only a particularly good nose, and the qualities of staunchness, obedience and endurance, but great intelligence as well to outwit the king of wily birds.

Concerning Vermin

IT is my opinion that were vermin exterminated the country would be literally over-run with game. By vermin I mean foxes, wild cat, mink, weasel and skunks. Add to these the so-called tame cat, hawks and owls and there is presented a terrific array of exterminators of our game and song birds.

Be merciless towards them all.

One fox will destroy dozens of mature partridge (grouse) a season. He will locate a mother grouse on the nest, await with uncanny patience the hatching of the chicks. In spite of the brave mother's effort to distract his attention and lure him away with her pretence of being unable to more than flutter along the ground, he will with unerring nose find each newly hatched chick crouching under leaf or bit of grass and devour them all with eager relish.

The wildcat, half brother to the Canadian lynx, is a crafty stalker of roosting birds.

Mink and weasels with insatiable appetites wage constant warfare upon the feathered tribe.

Skunks are tireless in their foraging—birds, eggs and chicks are particularly favorite selections for their diet.

The so-called tame cat is a bird killer. Follow it on its daily hunting expeditions. All bird life is its prey, and it takes daily toll.

There are well meant but utterly silly protective laws in behalf of various species of hawks—but I wouldn't trust one of them, and I would exterminate all of them.

The owl is an outlaw that kills all that he dares attack—game and song birds, ducks and chickens.

What I have said is not theory but based on fact—from personal observation and experience. And so I say to you: Trap, shoot and poison vermin and all that preys upon bird life generally. Urge the enactment of laws that will accomplish this. There is no greater service that you can render in behalf of the MORE GAME movement.

A Letter From "Mac"

By VIRGINIA ASHLEY

Editor's Note: *Mac was a real dog, an airedale of rare intelligence and great loyalty. The amusing incident concerning the cook, Annie, was true and the charming letter written to the Editor is gladly published as a tribute to a dog of honor who has passed on to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."*

MOST Kind Mr. Man:

Since I am "on the outs" with my mistress at the present moment, your words of appreciation as well as your kind offer of a present of a collar are as welcome as a bone. If, however, my mistress lets me accept your "knobby, teeth-breaking, mongrel-proof collar," I shall know that I have lost caste with her, and her love as well, for she believes that "Freedom is the true test of one's soul."

She has never made me learn tricks, never made me show off and never made me wear a collar, for she has said that she hated all symbols of ownership, bondage and fear, and likes to tell her friends the story of the wolf. Perhaps you know it, but here it is anyway:

It seems that he is a cousin of mine and that one starlight night in the dead of winter, because of great snowfalls and excessive cold, he slunk down from the frozen North towards civilization. At last he came to a hill which overlooked a little village nestling in the valley. The windows were aglow with light, smoke curled up from the chimneys and the odor of food was borne up on the wind to his nostrils made doubly keen by the hunger of him.

As he stood there alone, lank, cold and famished, a dog came bounding up the hill. In most undignified sport he ran in aimless circles and barked for the sheer joy of living. He was fat. His heavy coat was long and sleek and kept him warm. Finally the dog saw the wolf and walking stiff-legged, though with wagging tail, advanced to ask him to come down to the village.

The wolf listened eagerly to the dog's story of plenty of food, loving kindness and a place beside a great open fire. The wolf was about to accept when suddenly he noticed a mark in the fur about the dog's neck and asked: "What made that?" "My collar," said the dog. "My master took it off—that's why I ran up to the hills tonight." The wolf asked what the collar was for. "So that my master can tie me up or lead me on a leash, and that people may know whose dog I am." The wolf looked longingly, hungrily at the village—then at the mark on the dog's neck and turned back into the wilderness. And so, Mr. Man, though I have four collars, my mistress has never made me wear one, and if she will not permit me to accept your gift, you will understand?

Mac and His Mistress.

But now comes the trouble I'm in with my mistress. This is the reason. One day our cook, Annie, a beautiful old lady who is always kind and thoughtful of my comfort (indeed more so than is my mistress!) was very tired, went into the living room and sat down to rest in a fine old comfortable chair which I knew belonged to my mistress. I found Annie asleep there and barked and growled my resentment—a thing I never do in the house—until she jumped up, frightened, and went back to the kitchen. Then when she had seated herself in her own kitchen chair I went up to her, rubbed my head against her and licked her hand, by way of thanks for sitting where she belonged, to which she replied with a pat on my head: "Curly beast that ye are, ye have a better sense o' th' fitness of things than th' likes o' poor ole Annie!"

But my mistress, when she heard of my behavior from Annie, called me a snob and said I was class conscious and has had nothing to do with me ever since!

Anyway, here's hoping, Mr. Man, that when you come for a visit next summer we shall have many a ramble over the hills and far away.

Doggedly yours,
Mac.

POLLYANNA PROPHETS

A remarkable article in four parts by

EMERSON HOUGH

Will begin in our June issue

The last written words of this great American author and conservationist are embodied in this stirring appeal to his countrymen.

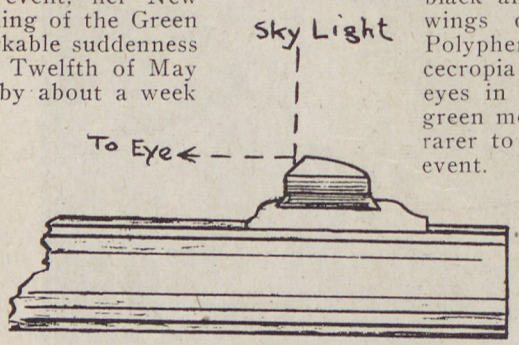
Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

May

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —*The Editor*

THE Corn-Planting Moon. We, too, agree with the Indian in that, for May is planting time for us; but I would like to point out that May, of all the months of the year, contains Nature's biggest and most spectacular event, her New Year's Day, the day of the Coming of the Green Leaves. This occurs with remarkable suddenness and regularity, generally on the Twelfth of May in Latitude Forty. It changes by about a week for every degree of latitude you go north or south of that line. But in every locality its date is remarkably constant. Early in May the whole forest is glistening with green-gray and copper and red leaf-buds opening out. The air is full of the winged seeds of the maples and the pollen of oak and birch and willow catkins. Then, with a rush and a bound, taking not three days, comes the New Year, the Big Event,—all the forest hanging with new green leaves, soft as silk, drooping with unhardened vein fibres, but green, oh heavenly sap-green! the most gladdening and soothing color of them all to the eye. Spectacular? Vivid?—It has our own New Year beat to a shadow for something positive happening. Our New Year is based on the winter solstice. The earth makes an infinitesimal turn around the oval of its ellipse, but we poor humans are not cheered up at all. It is as cold and snowy and disheartening as ever. Nothing has happened. Same old snow and ice. Same old murderous resentment at the weather. Not a hope that there will be anything different for months!



The Author's Mirror Front Sight.
.35 Cal. Win. Model '95.

But observe Nature's New Year. Here is a forest, gray with bare branches, ragged with grayish-red leaf buds, twittering with May warblers which have just come north. And then, in no time, behold a vast canopy of fresh green, hiding the branches, casting shade from the sun, hiding the new nests, opening up a veritable New Year to all the dwellers of the forest!

May is "last call" for cocoons. All through the winter you have had opportunity to collect the winter housings of our four big and beautiful moths, the large brown pod of the cecropia, the leaf-wrapped silken egg of luna and polyphemus, the dangling leaf-pod of prometheus. In the bare undergrowth they are most conspicuous to the keen eye, and every nature-lover ought to have those four great moths pinned away under glass in some den, where they can remind him that the outdoors goes on forever, no matter what men with their politics and deviltries may be contriving.

After the leaves come it takes a sharp eye to find any more cocoons, and by June they will have all hatched out. Cecropia is well known to all of us, that great glory of a moth, with red-brown wings bordered in gray and black and the fields of both fore and hinder wings ornamented with cusp-shaped eyes. Polyphemus is rarer and harder to find, big as cecropia but orange-buff, with peacock-blue eyes in the wings. Luna, that graceful pale green moth with the long swallow-tails, is still rarer to me and the finding of its cocoon an event. But prometheus is familiar to every woods lover, that small hanging cocoon wrapped in a leaf and dangling from a twig of the sassafras, the wild cherry, such bushes as its caterpillar loves. The male of him is dark reddish brown winged, with a narrow and handsome border; the female larger, wings of buff color ornamented with peculiar eyes and bordered with a pattern like a Turkish rug.

These four. Most of the other handsome moths, the catocalas with their red and black striped under-wings, the imperial, and the hawk moths pupate deep down in the ground and you must take them on the wing, in June. It is not generally known that the butterflies never spin a cocoon but rather hang themselves in the pupa state like small mummies, bare to the winds of winter, under rocks and down trees and fence rails. If

Miss M. C. Thorburn, famous Scottish dry fly tier.

you want to test your powers of eyesight and observation, just try finding a butterfly pupa once! The net is the surest way of taking them. And, while we are at it, let us note that pouring benzine or gasoline on the poor butterfly is distinctly bad form. The modern carbon tetrachloride, which is nothing more than the Carbona of commerce, is the really effective medium. A wide-mouthed tin can or jar, with a pad in the bottom moistened with Carbona, suffocates the specimen instantly. And to carry them you do **not** pin them to anything, but rather put them with wings folded into a triangular paper envelope, a hundred of which can be carried in a flat cigar box slung over shoulder. America is singularly rich in handsome butterflies and moths; every outdoorsman will find his day much richer if he learns to know them, for they are everywhere in the woods. Any good book on the subject will tell you a lot of interesting facts about them and it is no trick at all to know who's who among the commoner sorts.

I have not much space for birds, this month. May is the great month of the warblers. Before the leaves are out, the whole forest will be gladdened with the continuous ring-a-ring-a-ring! of their soft warbler notes, a vast army of them on their way north. One caution: Don't dismiss the lot with the comment, "A fine lot of myrtles and magnolias and black-and-whites, these days!" Spend a couple of hours with the bird glasses among them. You will be surprised how many rare chestnut-sided and parula and gorgeous blackburnians will be among that feathered host of familiar myrtle warblers. Look for the black-crowned and the Maryland yellow-throat, too, with his smart black line through eye, the rest of him all yellow and green, hopping about in some bush near a swamp. And if you see, as I did the other day, a small greenish-striped bird with no color on him at all save a yellow spot on the rump, be not deceived into thinking that here is a new warbler. He is simply our old friend, Sir Myrtle Warbler, in his winter plumage, and that is where he got another of his names, the Yellow-rumped Warbler.

These are great hatching-out days in our waters. Your aquarium will tell you that, with the caddis worms disappearing and May-flies hovering about the room unaccountably. Other grubs will change to stone flies, dragon flies, green-headed sand flies, and the like. On sunny days you can watch the process of your water bug crawling up a stem, to burst open his back and draw himself therefrom, a shapeless thing of metallic colors which will presently spread forth wings. On our trout streams the process is going on on a large scale. May-flies of every shade and color flutter over the alders. The waters dimple with trout rising to the unwary, who dip down to deposit eggs. And that leads me to the great subject of the Dry Fly.

An ideal trout stream in May.

There isn't greater pleasure in the world.

Time was, only ten years ago, when the dry fly was little appreciated by our anglers. But the trout had become so wary that it took a master to fill a creel properly. One of these masters, Emlyn M. Gill—may the Red Gods rest his bones!—invited me to dinner at the Aldine Club in New York to unfold an idea which had long been burdening his mind. The man who taught him the beauties of the dry fly, George La Branche, was at that time reticent about publishing anything on it. Gill had no intention of trespassing on his preserves, but he felt that the time had come for a series of introductory articles telling American anglers what they were missing. So I published the Gill series in Field & Stream, and later a more advanced series from the pen of La Branche himself.

Milady back from the trout market.

Its effect was revolutionary on American trout angling. Briefly, the principle of the dry fly is as follows: A trout is wary of anything, these days, which does not resemble an insect with which he is familiar. He also wants it presented floating atop the waters, as do natural spent May-flies. If it is drowned he becomes suspicious, in much-fished waters, and more so when he sees not one but three drowned flies floating past him. Possibly, also, he has a distaste for these drowned flies as water-logged and not fresh.

At the time when Gill published "Practical Dry Fly Fishing" few of our trout flies imitated anything living under the sun. I myself am somewhat skeptical as to how far this doctrine of imitation ought really to be pushed, in view of the fact that little is seen of the fly anyhow by the trout under the surface of the water. You have only to float one on the bosom of your aquarium to realize how little is actually visible under the surface. Be that as it may, I **do** know that it is easy to rise a trout with a native insect captured and dropped on the stream, the same pool rising nothing with a cast of ordinary flies fished wet.

And so we get the dry fly, a trout fly tied so that it floats naturally on the surface of the water. In England they have for many years used these flies, whole series of them, tied in exact imitation of their native flies which have all been studied entomologically by the fly tiers. We have no such exactitude here, but many of our old wet types owe their existence to a reasonably good imitation of living insects and when tied dry make the most effective of lures. March Brown, for example, imitates very closely a gray-brown May-fly, which is one of the earliest to hatch. Parmachene Belle resembles a small white moth very prevalent on our streams. Cow

(Continued on page 500)

The Divining Rod

By JOHN MINTEN

ONE of these fine mornings I am going to poke my nose out o' doors, whiff the first earth damp smell of coming spring, and if my eyes dwell on a baker's dozen of chill-braving worms, called forth by the warm night rain, winding their way across the wet road, then I am sure to take that nose and poke it into the left hand corner of the attic.

For up there are certain treasures to be overhauled, polished and oiled; to be carted downstairs to the everlasting chagrin of that exponent of neatness and everything-in-its-place—"the lady of the house."

Somehow this year I sort of dread the first hook-pricked-finger "damn," for that satisfying little adjective is certain to taunt with the memory of that day last fall when I added to its potent powers of expression by using the prefix "I will be." Yes, it is sure to stir up a troubled feeling within my breast.

If I had not tried to fathom the eccentricities of bait-casting, had I pinned my faith on my six-ounce rod no problem would I have had. Nor would my imagination be goaded until I pictured a four pound Maryland pike still grinning at me as he lords, in wicked fashion, his domain. That grin I want to efface. Or rather, I wish to impart to it a panel effect with a living room background—that in itself will be another point of contention championed by the afore-mentioned exponent of neatness and order.

As the days lengthen, the realization of my problem grows keener. Closed to me is that pond—a solution is demanded! My mind shirks the task. That is why I dread my yearly tackle rummaging.

If I am to be privileged to again feel the clasp of a calloused hand without which no summer would be complete and without which no boat can be had, I must atone for my sacrilege. To go back there on the "opening day" I must approach stealthily by the back road with my penance in one hand and in the other, what? I must be the bearer of not only profound apologies shrieking their humbleness from my head-bowed dejection; but I must bear a gift of such magnitude and appropriateness that will win for me again the "open sesame" to that water.

Sam it is whom I must face. I cannot refer to more elaborately in this narrative lest it fall into his hands. Not even by the title of his favorite "chew" can I surname him, it is too much a part of him for that. Should he see the name at the top of this tale, it matters not. His reading is confined mostly to the advertising sections of the periodicals that fall by chance into his hands and my name he would not recognize even if he saw it, for after his first attempt to mix it with his cud he decided to call me "Shorty."

Besides owning the pond Sam boasts of a reputation as a fisherman of parts. He has made good use of not only his fishing proclivities but of another tendency in establishing himself as such in the minds of his neighbors. If he is inclined to let the warm glow of the wood burner expand his mellow memory during the meetings of The World Renovating Society at the general store on winter nights he is to be forgiven. Question can only be raised on his recounting as the walls of his oar shed prove by the display of some fine heads the size of his fish.

Knowledge of the pond he had, the habits of the fish he knew; but by far and above all else the most important factor in placing Sam on the pinnacle he held was the confidence he placed in his rod and the uncanny powers attributed to it by his associates.

Where he got it I don't know and probably never will; but I do know he had it for over twenty years—so long, in fact, that Sam and it had become a tradition of the local fishing fraternity.

Now there was nothing peculiar about the rod, it was just bamboo in its natural state although it was one of nature's freaks, not being of the thick butted unwieldy kind, associated in our minds with a worm can and a bare footed boy. Dame Nature grew it for a fishing rod and nothing else. Long, about ten feet, tapering to a slender tip, it made a very efficient tool. Sturdy, yet with a supple resiliency that gave to it an action of quality and accuracy often denied to fair priced store rods. With the coming of city tackle to the pond this tinkering overalled son of the open had doctored it, adding guides, a reel seat and luster begotten of frequent coats of varnish. It would

"Smack, I heard it. The rod was jerked down from my shoulder."

throw a spoon with the best of them. Need I elaborate on its importance in Sam's life?

As surely as the enchanted forked hazel stick in the hands of the deviner was credited years ago with the power of locating hidden springs and precious minerals, so was this straight bamboo rod of Sam's believed to have a fish-ferreting sense. It was current rumor that where it cast a lure a fish was sure to lurk.

Indeed, why not? Had not Sam on numerous occasions allayed skepticism and bolstered slipping prestige by demonstrations; interesting to him, his audience, but not the fish? He was wont to say to some doubting Thomas, "See that dock leaf, watch this pork lift a pike out o' there." It is further related that Sam generally was right. Coincidence: I don't know, neither do I care, for my problem is even harder to solve.

To troll slowly, very slowly, just easing his bateau along, Sam would fish. Close to the shore another rod over the stern, trailing a line which tightened now and then as the baited roach imparted a protesting bob to the cork. As the boat approached stumps and promising pockets he would lift from beside him and test the devining power of his casting tool. Many a strip of pork was thus skittered over the grass and lilies to the ultimate discomfort of pike. Minnows by the hundreds it must have flipped near stumps to the eternal sorrow of two- and three-year-old bass—yearlings, to its credit, it never killed. Many a promising member of the frog colony has been taken to the utter bereavement of his family and cast in a graceful parabola to the outer edge of water-logged debris to be sucked under by a burly bronze-back who then and there was well started on his way to becoming an ancestor of his clan.

Ah! would that I had done naught to disturb that unvarying procedure and the tranquillity of Sam's temper!

All trouble has a source and mine was no exception. It began that first rain-threatened evening; I saw a spray of minnows just off the edge of a dock bed, saw them jump by the score as a brute of a pike smashed shoreward, weaving his way through the trouble lilies in the murderous gluttonish manner peculiar to his kind.

Let it be marked to my credit that I tried, yes, tried faithfully to sink the hook in that wicked mouth by fly rod methods. But either cunning or winter fattening concern made him scorn such feathered morsels as was offered by my rod, and if it has developed a set it is from the strain of casting sizeable spoons of a tempting nature in vain. Yes, I even desecrated it in that fashion so that I would have the resultant thrill of a light-rod battle if I hooked him.

Hours I spent to no avail. Pork, roach alike were ignored. Not once did I see him even feed when I was within casting distance of the dock. Beside greed he surely must have been well educated, for sophisticated he was. It must have been that realization that gave birth to the brilliant frog idea of mine. Gradually my mind assimilated the thought and I concluded if he was to be tempted it would be accomplished by a square meal to be had for one strike. In desperation I was willing to do anything. I wanted him, he was worth taking and still is.

Frog! Good: but how was I to cast it? I even went so far as to capture the last lingering one of the season in the swamp back of the mill. He, I recall, caused me despair—too large to cast with a fly rod. As I walked to the mill I had about decided to discard both the frog and the idea. Would that I had, then no problem would I have and this story would not have been written, reason in itself, you may agree, that warranted the release of the frog.

That decision unfortunately was never carried out, for inside of the oar shed I saw Sam's rod. My drowning mentality grasped another idea as eagerly as any one ever clutched a straw to be saved. I had no misgivings when I took it—my only thought was pike, and take it, I did!

As I drew near the dock bed I shipped both oars and poled the boat to within casting distance of a likely opening. I can still hear the rasping sound as the dock clutched the bateau retarding its progress, and even feel now the oar that I strained against it sink in mud as I pushed my way forward. The scene is still alive—too much so.

I prepared to cast, the frog swung back and by a trick of fate the stripped line looped over the reel. I lowered the tip unthinkingly so to better untangle the snarl, the frog touched the water behind me. Only for a second—I swear. It was enough, that dangling dinner broke down the barriers of education and that cussed sophisticated old pirate struck. Smack! I heard it. The rod was jerked down from my shoulder, the tip caught in the open oar lock and—! What's the use, you know the rest. It was at that precise moment that I made good use of the prefix, "I will be."

Forty-seven mule power was in that get away rush: Of course, he broke loose, frog and all. What can you do with a hand line limited by a snarl on one end and a pike on the other winding it about the tough weeds? Tell me if you can.

I put the rod back, and after placing a safe distance between Sam and myself I sought to explain as I backed further away. An inane jumble of words it was, "broke your rod, mightly sorry, fix it up."

Sam didn't understand at first; but my dejection made him realize that something tragic had happened, and as the meaning of my words become clear, the wrinkles on his face deepened, his eyes widened, the weight of the blow sagged those grain dusted shoulders, and his arms fell lifeless to his sides. He turned, strode to the oar shed, reached in, and then his wrath broke. Even then was his speech tempered by his love for fellow man. It was not harsh, the words were tinged with sorrow and they cut.

As he held the defiled rod lovingly in his hands examining the damage a look of hope brightened his face, and I saw his tinkering tendency gleam from under those frowning brows. I breathed easier as he continued.

"I kin patch this ere break with one o' those socket things. Its a heap o' luck fer yo' I think I kin, or else—say yo' take yer carcass out o' ere and keep it out."

I went, it was the wisest thing to do.

Through my dark perplexity shines a hope. I am counting on one thing.

Sam has a sneaking liking for bass bugs, he has seen them do their work, and though he never would admit it, I am sure he has been nettled because his rod in spite of its wonderful accomplishments can't cast them. I have seen the old son-of-a-gun slyly fondle the fly rods resting against the oar shed when the sun was high.

I have a sneaking feeling that he knows he can catch fish with any kind of a rod and that he'd like to cast a fly.

I may chance it and go burdened so he can.

Who knows? It may be the solution of my problem. I hope so!

Owing to the large amount of space devoted to the news of our First National Convention, we are omitting the sailfish story by Will H. Dilg announced for this issue; also the departments "Arms Failures in Bush and Field," "Mostly About Boys," and "Angling Memories"; also the letters in the Plug controversy.

Forestry

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

A necessary adjunct to the conservation of fish and wild game and a healthy civilization

THE sudden total extinction of the passenger pigeon should be a lesson to all. I have often heard my father and other early settlers of northern Michigan speak of passenger pigeons in such numbers, in the vicinity of the Lake Guthrie Forest Reserve, that it was unsafe to walk beneath the trees in which they were roosting. They crowded together, alighting one upon another till they formed solid masses, breaking the branches off the trees in which they were roosting. The early inhabitants shot them, knocked them down with poles, and netted them. Unlimited netting, even during the nesting season, has resulted in sending more than one million pigeons to market from a single roosting place in one year, leaving hundreds and thousands of wounded birds and starving, helpless, naked squabs behind, until the poultry stalls in the cities became so glutted with pigeons that the low price per barrel scarcely paid for their transportation, and they were fed to the hogs. The last carload of pigeons was shipped out of Otsego Lake station sometime in the early seventies. What was supposed to be the last survivor died in the Zoological Gardens in Cincinnati in the summer of 1914.

The American bison nearly went the same way and but for the prompt action of the Canadian Government in purchasing the last remnant of the millions that at one time swarmed the western plains there would be none today. As it is, at Wainwright Park in western Canada, buffalo at the federal game park have increased in such numbers that the government officials state that the vast tract of land set aside for their use is insufficient to accommodate them and an order has gone forth that a number of the older animals are to be slaughtered, and the carcasses are to be sold to northern trading companies to be converted into pemmican, which is considered a delicacy in the Arctic.

Hunting and tramping through the woods and fishing the streams and lakes is fascinating sport and the excitement of it entices us out of doors and away from the crowded cities. It promotes manliness, healthful living and increased assurance in our ability to accomplish more when we do return to work.

Is the United States to become practically a treeless country within the next quarter century? Shall the citizens of this country sit idly by while floods and forest fires lay waste the fertile lands and menace the water supply of our cities and towns? The ruthless denuding of our forests must be stopped at once if we are to continue to exist as a strong nation. The Capper report indicates that we are using timber four times as fast as we are growing it and the end is in sight. Three-fifths of the original timber stand of the United States is gone and the forests remaining are so localized as greatly to reduce their national value. The majority of the population and manufacturing industries of this country are dependent upon distant supplies of timber as the result of the wasteful lumbering methods in areas east of the great plains. Lumber will cost more as depletion continues unless we take drastic action to replace our forests with young growth, either by planting or protecting the cut over land in such a manner so as to provide for natural regeneration, safe from fires.

Of the 822,000,000 acres of virgin forests with which this country was once blessed we have sacrificed until all classes of forest land, including culled, burned, and cut-over areas now aggregate 463,000,000 acres and this, please note, includes denuded areas.

The non-agricultural land that was once forest of the finest type, and capable of again producing the same quality and quantity of timber, approximates 81,000,000 acres. This utterly useless area that is doing nobody good and which, for the most part, is reverting to the commonwealth for nonpayment of taxes, is equivalent to the combined forests of France, Germany, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain and Portugal. And this barren area is growing every day and nothing is being done to save it for the future.

Forty years ago the people believed that the original supply of pine in the lake states—Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—was inexhaustible. At that time it was estimated these three states contained 350,000,000,000 board feet. This has now been reduced to less than 8,000,000,000 board feet and is dropping daily. And this was mostly white pine, the most expensive soft wood in existence in the United States today.

The South Atlantic and Gulf states were the next victims and they in turn are rapidly being depleted and the operators are moving to the Pacific Coast states. With our increase in population it will not take long to run through with that and then lumber in America will be a curiosity unless we reforest.

We have a standing supply of about 2,000 billions feet board measure of saw timber in the United States. Nearly 80 per cent of the soft wood (pine, spruce, fir, etc.), saw timber is west of the Great Plains and will cost over $20.00 per thousand feet for freight alone, to get it to the markets east of the Great Plains. Devastation of the forests must stop in America if we are to have forests and lumber for the future. The states will never do it for it is useless to pass one law on lumbering in Michigan and another law in Minnesota or Wisconsin. Lumbering is carried on from one side of the country to the other, and the forest owner of California must have the same laws as the man in Maine. Professor Filibert Roth, of the University of Michigan, says we need a simple constitutional amendment, and a simple national law to stop the devastation of our remaining forests, if we are to have forests and lumbering for the future. And Professor Roth is right.

For several centuries forestry in some form has been practiced in Europe. England felt the growing scarcity of timber and fuel early in the sixteenth century and attempted to supply the failing resources by making new plantations and by more scientific cutting of the natural virgin growth. During the eighteenth century plantings were made in Scotland and in Ireland. Now the artificially planted areas in all of these countries exceed the natural ones. In Belgium, France and Germany, as well as other parts of Europe, there are extensive areas of forests under various systems of management. Denuded areas have been reforested and old native forests have been under scientific management for hundreds of years. Germany and France have maintained government schools for the education of skilled foresters and special attention is paid this important subject with the result that in these two countries the management of forests has received the greatest attention and has been most systematically and scientifically conducted.

The United States, with its once great forest wealth, did not for a time see the necessity of forest regulation, with the result that destructive methods of lumbering have resulted in forest fires that have left nothing but a barren waste in what might have been a thriving second growth forest of valuable timber. It is true that various states, notably Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, have enacted laws designed to correct the former abuses in lumbering, by granting bounties for tree planting and remission of taxes upon purely forest areas. The greatest good has come from the Weeks law which reserves extensive areas about the watersheds and sources of certain great American rivers. However, that does not take care of the vast economic desert far from rivers of importance and capable of growing again the pine that once stood in stately grandeur before the coming of the lumberman.

Forests are of two kinds, pure and mixed. Pure forests are less common than mixed and are usually,

though not always, composed of coniferous or needle bearing trees. Just at this time we will discuss the pure forests because they contain certain species that will thrive on barren soil and that is what we are interested in now.

When once forests are depleted they may be restocked in various ways. The most expensive method of restocking is to set out young trees and raise the seedlings from seeds in beds provided for that purpose. Where there are no seed trees left on the ground to be reforested this is the only method. Care must be taken in obtaining good, pure seed from trees that have lived in a country with a climate similar to that in which the young trees are to be grown. The seedlings must be transplanted at least once before being put in the field and there will be many failures before the forester attains success. A second method is that of broadcasting the seed in the region designed for the future forest. This is a very expensive method and not generally employed. As a rule conifers, or cone bearing trees, do not sprout from the stump as do some leaf trees and we must rely upon seed for reproduction.

The climatic influences of forests are also to be taken into consideration. It is somewhat problematical whether forests are actually instrumental in securing greater rainfall but observations covering a period of years and a large extent of forest would indicate that forests do induce rain to a certain extent and hold back the hot, drying winds that yearly threaten the crops planted near denuded areas. It is a well known fact that the temperature in a forest is lower in summer and warmer in winter than in an adjacent tract that is not forested, and this influence is felt at a considerable distance from the forest proper.

The worst enemy of any forest is man. Grazing animals, particularly sheep, do much damage, but fire, spread by man, is the greatest single cause of forest destruction known today. This is particularly true in newly cut over territory that has been lumbered in a destructive manner, with dead tree tops and limbs littering the ground, forming a veritable tinder box awaiting a spark to start a holocaust that often results in the loss of thousands of dollars worth of property and many human lives.

It is a known fact that the tendency of our modern life, especially in the cities, is toward the sedentary, thus diminishing our opportunity for getting into the open. Little thought is taken of the great mental strain the desk worker is laboring under. This same man works as hard as his grandfather did in the field, but with greater damage to his health. The camper in the forest, especially he who rustles his own fuel and builds his own fires, is forced back upon his own physical resources in a way that cannot help but benefit him.

The onrush of civilization and increased means for transportation have brought within the survey of today much that only 20 years ago was as a sealed book.

Motorists cause a large proportion of our disastrous fires through their carelessness in tossing lighted matches, burning cigars or cigarettes into the dry combustible material that constitutes the floor of every coniferous forest. This tindery material becomes exceedingly easy to fire after a few days of hot, dry weather and needs only a spark to ignite it. With a very little wind the fire is soon raging and the man in the car is far away before the blaze amounts to enough to be visible.

Twenty years ago the greatest menace to the forests was the man with the axe and saw. Today, it is the man with the match. Every smoker in the woods is a potential menace. Many a campfire carelessly left burning has started a conflagration costing thousands of dollars and the lives of many wild animals as well as human beings. Forty per cent of the forest fires in some of the western forest reserves are caused by cigarette or cigar butts.

A certain Canadian manufacturer of cigarettes puts a slip in each package of his product which reads as follows:

Please don't throw away a lighted cigarette. See that it is dead.

Lighted tobacco and matches are especially destructive to forests.

Living forests mean liberal employment; dead forests employ nobody.

Don't be responsible for a dead forest.

This caution is printed as a contribution to the conservation movement.

A campfire is a recognized source of danger. Food cooked over an open fireplace in the woods always tastes much better than when served at home. Many campers

(Continued on page 492)

"Let us join forces and harmony for the protection of resources and wonderful work unceasingly and in our loved land and its natural beauties."—Gene Stratton-Porter

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

IS it not amazing that living upon an earth so beautiful and under a heaven so much more beautiful that mortals can be filled with hate, ingratitude, despair? How strange that evil should have gained a foothold in that first fair forest garden long ago! Every requisite for happiness was there except the one human necessity for realization or awareness of our blessings, without which contentment becomes satiation and boredom. Happiness cannot be just bountifully heaped upon a mortal, it must be gained by a sense of gratitude, such as the unconscious gratitude and fresh interest that happy children feel continually, or it must be weighed in comparison with a lack of happiness and lack of beauty and appreciated accordingly.

The fatal habit of "taking things for granted" robs us of untold delight and especially is this true in regard to outdoor beauties.

The incomparable tracery of bare branches against the winter sky, the beauty strewn carpets of the woods in spring, the gracious luxuriance of summer, the bronzed and painted glory of the fall; do we take them all for granted, are they just seasons, bound to come and go? What waste! It is like going through life unnoting our most obvious treasures; taking books and dreams and laughter and love "for granted"; instead of hailing each with eager, thankful and appreciative hearts.

Sometimes I think that those who devotedly love the marvels and the beauties of outdoors must be those who have just spent a former existence on a planet barren of flowers and forests and enshrouded in a perpetual mist through which no gleam of sun nor moon nor star could pierce. With that comparison subconsciously in mind, what a loving receptivity of heaven and earth-beauty must greet each night and day.

Could one who had never before seen a slim new moon gleam out from banks of great black clouds be indifferent to the wonder? And when the full moon, surrounded by a court of golden stars, sheds magic over all the world and lights a wide and silver pathway o'er the sea; should it be taken "for granted"? Should such splendor and such radiance be passed over as simply the time of a new, quarter or full moon?

"There are more things 'twixt heaven and earth than dreamed of in man's philosophy," run the familiar words; yes, and on the earth and in the heavens and even plainly visible to man if he will but see them.

The lament of Paul—"they have eyes and see not" might well apply to those for instance who never look at sunsets, those glorious canvasses which it is said are painted in turn by great dead painters.

And perhaps great artists and great etchers and the marvelous old masters of the setting of jewels help limn and star the night in their beauty unexcelled.

I like to think that Thoreau plans where great trees shall grow and Stevenson and a certain great unhappy poet discuss the "rapture on the lonely shore." Perhaps chubby baby hands sow with much unevenness the first anemones of Spring. And lovely ladies plant with grace the iris and the lily pale. And little brown, lithe, straight-backed boys, I'm sure, plant cat-tails tough and "whistle" grass. And little girls with flying hair plant daisies in the fields. And dear and placid "old folks" hide the violets in their nooks. And strong men, soldiers perhaps, plant goldenrod, and pine trees, hollyhocks and crops.

So let's be conscious of each day—each beauteous day—begun and closed with beauty, even by the rising and the setting of the sun—and strung on the golden chain of years between nights of onyx, jeweled with stars.

Marguerite Ives.

WE are making a special plea to the outdoor women of America to join the Izaak Walton League, subscribe to its magazine and help in its great purpose of protecting and preserving the blessings of outdoor America. We need the support of every woman who loves the feel of a fish on a line, the whir of a game bird of the wing, the smell of a campfire in the woods; we want to hear from every outdoor loving American woman who loves to paddle a canoe, ride a horse, play outdoor games or "putter" about a garden.

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

LI'L CABIN O' LOGS

Valley o' God, April

DEAR Out Door Woman:

This letter to you might fittingly be entitled "The Flood," thereby eliminating utterly the flood of Noah fame. I had an idea that when the rains came we would find it a bit Venetian but never in my wildest dreams have I imagined things as they are.

There hasn't been any mail in by horse for a fortnight, the brooks by the roadside have asserted themselves for the first time in twenty years and are running wild regardless of bridges or road.

Old J— started out the other day, got four miles, then wood, pig and a trunk which he had on, went floating merrily while the sled turned its runners skyward.

That settled it, so now the seven mile trail to B— is the way in and out of the valley. O' course this will not last, in fact before I send my final batch of mail to you we will, no doubt, have seen an adventurous auto in.

However, the sun has shone at times and the soft winds have told alluring tales of Spring so nearly here.

The crisp nights and thawy days have meant much work for the Knoll-top ten.

After reading a book on trees, son, the family and I started forth with wooden spiggots, pails and a half-inch bit in search of rock maples.

Within a radius of 500 yards of the cabin we found ten tapable trees. The snow being so high, it was necessary to shovel away some at the base of each tree, in order to have more of a sap run.

First day brought a wee bit o' sap. At the close of the second the spiles were filled with frozen sap—Spring's heralds had given way to Winter's sprites.

The fourth day found the kettle in the cabin filled.

We started a suffocating fire and put the sap on. We boiled and boiled, or rather the sap did, and we stoked and stoked, resulting in a weird brownish gew in the bottom of the kettle. About a half pint, to be exact. At the rate of 32 gallons of sap to one gallon of syrup, it would take the next two Springs, to get a syrup gallon.

I took the half pint to Dearest Ladye and she bravely ate it with me at twilight. Truer test of friendship, I cannot imagine. After asking her candid opinion, I discovered I had included an ash in my ten trees, thus the bitter and color.

If ever we do get some that is good I shall send it to you.

Night,
Nan.

Li'l Cabin O' Logs,
Valley O' God.
April

DEAR Out Door Woman:

Spring is a whole week nearer than when last I wrote to you. Cheerio.

Sunday I longed for pussy-willows and decided that the old track-bed across the trestle might reveal some.

Sunday morning dawned "brite and fare" to quote Beany and Plute. Vel and son and I started at nine, leaving the others to keep cabin. We toted snow-shoes and a light lunch, but managed on the crust beautifully, at first.

The air was so filled with "pep" that we kept on, until within a mile of the falls.

Suddenly Vel pointed, tail out as stiff as tho carved in marble. I caught his collar and looked across the river. As we watched, four deer vaulted gracefully over the bush tops, scrambled up the steep embankment, disappeared over the top. I could scarcely believe my eyes, four real, live deer in the wilderness. Indeed, it is a glorious old world.

This is Nan, whose adventures living all winter in her l'il cabin in the heart of of the woods, with only her little 7 year old son and two police dogs, have been varied and thrilling.

We followed along the river bank, keenly alert now.

Here, too, the river had raised ructions. The ice going out had cut about trees and bushes, making islands of what was once mainland. Great trees were uprooted and lay prone, the icy waters and air crystalling the branches above the surface.

Continuing we found an old log bridge washed out and in seeking a detour startled two more deer. These splashed thru the river and away into the woods, flags flying.

I breathed a prayer of thanks that it was out of season.

"Fortunate we didn't tote the gun," I remarked to Vel—he barked back as if to say, "I'll get one for you if you will but say the word."

They were too gloriously alive and free, so we continued on to the falls reliving the thrill of watching them. Think of it, six deer, cross my heart, honest and true.

Our stomachs and the sun called lunch. We ate on a trestle bridge, watching the water wear away the ice jacket of a huge boulder. The continual rush of water outrivaled the sun's heat in reducing winter's cloak of snow and sleet and ice.

Returning was wicked traveling. The crust had vanished, in its place, a soft, slumpy snow. We tried shoes but only to find we lifted a young ton at each step. However, without them I sank to my knees at every step.

We stopped for pussies by the water tank that was, finding soft grey ones in abundance with here and there a shell pink branch. So laden we reached the knoll.

A three-hour absence during which, it seemed spring was three weeks nearer.

Trust the pussies reach you in time for Easter.

Adios, Nan.

Every word of this letter from Mrs. G. L. Morrison of Rochester, Minn., is interesting and true. The Outdoor Woman wants letters like this and pictures from all of you.

OUR whole family read the "Izaak Walton League Magazine" and to the youngest son agree that the Out-of-Doors should be defended.

We had the heaviest snow storm of the season last week, and as we live on a hill can see a long ways; sitting at the window looking out upon the clean white world, I was wishing that every man, woman and child who lives in the slums of the large cities could see and enjoy the beauty of it, each tree decorated and illumined by God's own hand. For I belong to the old-fashioned school and believe nature and religion will do more towards putting the present chaotic condition of the world to rights than anything else. Can anyone imagine a boy who has been brought up to defend and protect little children, cats, dogs, birds, etc., and the love of God's outdoors instilled in his mind, going out and committing burglary or murder?

Let us teach our children the love of Out-of-Doors instead of artificial things, and make chums of them. I would rather see them with good black soil under their finger nails,

Mrs. Charles F. Bennett, an ardent "fisherman."

than black soil in their hearts and minds.

Our entire family goes rabbit and duck hunting, Dad and one son go one way and Mother and the other son another; we walk miles through beautiful woods and over plowed ground, come home tired, happy and most always rabbitless, as Dad teaches the boys to give everything a fighting chance and the rabbit takes advantage of that chance.

For twenty years Dad and I have whipped the Mississippi River for that Grand-daddy Bass that all Upper River fishermen know lies between Minneiska and Alma, for he has been seen, flirted with and hooked again and again, but fortunately always gotten away. Just now Dad and the boys are getting their fishing tackle ready, for each has planned all winter what bait to use that would entice Grand-daddy to leave his home.

We 'most always go together, not very often does Dad forsake the family and go with the "gang" and I take that as a great compliment.

Bird Lore

by

Bob Becker

Editor "Woods and Waters"
—Chicago Tribune

Photographs by Walter E. Hastings

DON'T forget to enter your good bird pictures for the prize photo contest which BIRDLORE is now conducting. For the benefit of new readers we will repeat that a $125 camera will be awarded to the reader submitting the best photographs. Send 'em in at once.

* * * *

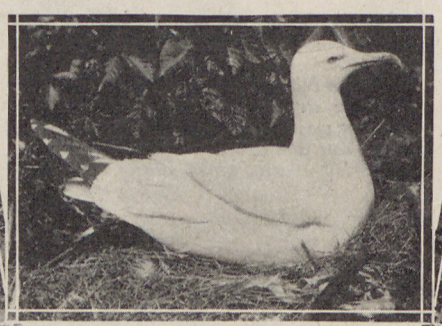
We're indebted to Walter Hastings for these excellent pictures of the herring gull appearing in this issue. Walt spent some time studying several colonies of these birds which nest in the Great Lakes region. He writes us like this:

"These photographs of the herring gull were taken on the Thunder Bay Islands in Lake Huron last summer.

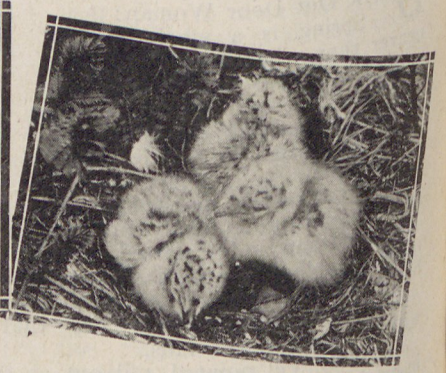
I spent a week with the coast guard stationed on Thunder Bay Island and from there I visited five other islands and found herring gulls nesting on all of them. The mecca of the breeding colonies was found on Gull Island, where fully a thousand pairs had their nests, while Sugar Island had about five hundred pairs nesting.

The Herring Gull is a remarkable bird and I believe that not many of the fishermen bird fans are familiar with this beautiful species of water bird. I am pleased to state that I don't think these birds are being persecuted by having the fishermen and Indians gather their eggs for food the way they used to do, at least we did not find evidence of it on these islands. But on Beaver Island of Lake Michigan we found that this was still being done to some extent.

Herring gulls' nest.



Adult herring gull.



Baby herring gulls.

Every one will agree with me that the Gulls are wonderful birds. They eat no live fish, as it is often thought, but feed on refuse found floating on and in the water. They are a highly beneficial bird and should never be molested in any way.

Lake Michigan, Huron and Superior have some very fine and large breeding colonies and these little islands away from man could well be made into bird preserves and these wonderful birds be assured breeding grounds for all time. They are of no great value and we could well afford to do this."

* * * *

Don't forget. We want to see those bird photographs of yours. Send them in as entries for the BIRDLORE PHOTO CONTEST.

Tribute to Emerson Hough

By LEONARD HULIT
Author of Fishing with a Boy

IT is with extreme sorrow that I think of the death of Emerson Hough.

While Fenimore Cooper has always been my ideal, still he wrote much as an idealist and not from the stern facts as did Hough; who always held me enthralled as he wrote of a time and habits to which Cooper was of necessity a stranger.

His stories were ever clean and inspiring to both young and old.

Just who can take his place is to me wild conjecture; as through all his work there was a poetic swing hard to equal. To most of our readers his name is familiar and loved. Next to Roosevelt he perhaps was our greatest nature scholar and the closing lines of his life were to the Izaak Walton League of America saying:

"If you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys go out and do what you can to put 2,000,000 members in the league. When that is done you will have won your fight. You then will see safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors-country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface.

"I should like to live to see that day, but shall not. That is of no consequence. Others will—you and your sons."

So died the great "nature lover," the man who sang of birds and trees and all the great out doors. Sang in a song that youth might understand and mature life gloat over.

His great heart is at rest but his silver tongue will speak to us who love the great truths found in nature's ways.

Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

WE print that part of the review of Sir George Aston's "MOSTLY ABOUT TROUT," for which there was not sufficient space in the March number.

No red-blooded American can read what follows without moist eye and a tightening of the throat.

It was not written by a purblind British Field Marshal oblivious to the resounding tramp of two million fighting men from across the western sea, and to the sixty thousand picked American boys who went to their shallow graves in France "with a smiling disregard of death."

It was written by an honest fisherman who knew the facts and was not ashamed or afraid to tell them.

—"the day of which I write, the Fourth of July 1918.

Those were anxious times. Haig, eleven weeks before, had told his tired men that, with backs to the wall, believing in the justice of their cause each one must fight on to the end. The strip of land between his army and the sea was very narrow then. King Albert and the Belgians were standing on the last little bit of Belgian soil that had been saved from the invader. Rich provinces of France were occupied and devastated, and from all sides came the cry for more men. The enemy's reserves seemed to us still to be inexhaustible; blow after blow had fallen, and each time we had been obliged to give ground. Further blows were expected. Paris was being bombarded from afar, and Amiens, that vital railway-junction, at close range. Our own homeland had not been invaded, and a glance at the Nelson Column reminded us that we could carry on, even if the war on land were lost on the Western Front; but at what cost to our Allies? And could they stand further torture? Man-power alone could turn the scale, in time, and all eyes were turned to the West, across the Atlantic. Every office in Whitehall could show its map of the Western Front, with a row of little flags marking the constant loss of ground since March. The flags had been moved constantly westward, and it seemed that the tide of invasion would never reach its high-water mark.

I was looking at one of those maps on that July morning. On the way up Whitehall I had passed many tired-looking faces. 'We are all tired.' Haig had written to his army, nearly three months before, and part of the nation was showing signs of strain, worn out by nearly four years of sacrifice and disappointment. A new impetus was sorely needed, a new enthusiasm to help us to endure to the end. Some were getting almost callous, seeing no light ahead.

Suddenly, through the open window of my office came from a distance a sound like the roar of a tidal wave or of surf, mingled with the shrill cries of sea-birds. It mounted in a great crescendo. The pavements filled with people, all heads turned towards the direction of the sound which came surging into my room, mounting to a climax of uproar, until the mystery was solved. Hundreds of American soldiers, cheering, yelling and waving flags, were driving through Whitehall in big brakes, smothered with bunting—the Stars and Stripes. The counter-cheers of Londoners, of soldiers, of seamen and of airmen, belonging to all parts of the British Empire, resounded from the pavements and windows and re-echoes from the surrounding buildings. The Fourth of July. What a memory, and what an outcome! In the presence of the great world-menace a wave of good will was uplifting, for the time being. the Allied peoples; it carried them forward to their goal, the statesmen balancing their little planks upon its crest. It may have spent itself for a time in a great breaker, and the clashing pebbles can be heard in the backwash, but the tide of human progress is still flowing, and wave after wave will follow. Politicians do not make them, and cannot stop them; they rise from the people. The statesmen who can gauge the right moment to jump are swept forward on the wave-crest, and their names are passed down with honor to generations to come. Hatred can destroy, it cannot create. It can kill men, or discredit their motives; it cannot kill the principles or the ideals for which they suffer. Good will is creative, returning in progressive waves from generation to generation. Such, at least, were the thoughts of a fisherman during that day's work in Whitehall, on the Fourth of July in the last year of the Great Crusade."

Books for review in the Izaak Walton League Monthly may be mailed direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

Famous Fishing Lines

"—it was maintained by the learned Peter du Monlin who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of Prophecies, observes that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts, or the sea-shore—"—Izaak Walton.

Now remember this axiom—"Never take your eye off the fly when it is on the water."—Fred G. Shaw.

I have killed salmon with the fly in thirty-one different rivers in England, Scotland, Ireland and Norway, and have never been able to detect preference on the part of the fish for any particular color or shade of light or dark.—Sir Herbert Maxwell.

My advice to the young angler is, always carry your mackintosh, be patient and persevering and leave the weather to take care of itself. You may have sport in all winds and in all weathers, or you may not. I do not believe there is any rule whatever that can be relied upon. I have had first-rate sport in a snow storm ere now.—Francis Francis 1867.

As to the much-mentioned question of the gameness of the large-mouth bass, I have no hesitation in saying, from an experience of nearly forty years, covering all sections of the country that where the two species co-exist there is no difference in their game qualities.—Dr. James A. Henshall.

This love of the author's favorite sport does not blossom like a flower in the happy days of the fishing season, to wither away with the approach of winter. Many winter evenings are spent in his library, where he may select for his evening's entertainment one or more of several hundred of the most interesting Anglers' books written since the days of Walton.—Emlyn M. Gill.

"Like a favorite gun, a favorite fly rod holds an undisputed place in the sportsman's affections; by the same token it should receive equal care in its choice and use. Therefore in choosing the fly rod, let the novice proceed on the theory that he is buying for many years to come, and that it will pay him to forget economy as far as possible."—Eugene V. Connett, III.

"I have been through the whole gamut of Outdoor killings; and this is what remains, as sure and fixed, the joy of companionship with the living world of Nature."—Warren H. Miller.

The increase of anglers need not spell the spoliation of rivers. On the contrary, a spreading interest in fly-fishing tends to the better preservation of waters, the enforcement of restrictions upon unsportsmanlike fishermen, the devising of scientific means of fish breeding and restocking, and the discouragement of illegal fishing.—Walter M. Gallichan. (The Trout Waters of England)

April is not a warm month, but it has some warm days, and if an angler happens to choose these days for fishing, he ought to count himself a fortunate man. There will be a spirit in the air, an appeal, a promise, a prophecy, to make a man's heart leap up within him. —Sir Edward Grey.

Wet Fly Fishing

(Continued from page 444)

the shore. It is a weasel, or perhaps a stoat; he is hunting, too,—for very "small deer."

The afternoon's fishing is the same as the morning's, but always different. At the lower bridge a dog-cart is waiting for you and you will roll home to the inn, leg-weary and rather wet, but happy, and ready to give thanks for just such meat and drink as Izaak Walton enjoyed "without offense to God or man."

First Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America

With Photographs of Officers and Delegates

FOUR hundred delegates from Izaak Walton Chapters in 34 states attended the League's first Convention held in Chicago, April, 19, 20 and 21st. A finer group of earnest, intelligent, high principled Americans never were gathered together and their efforts in the preparation of wise and effectual handling of the stupendous conservation problems of this League are to be heartily commended. To these men who sacrificed time and funds in behalf of posterity the whole nation owes a debt of gratitude.

Report of the Platform

TO the First National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.

The Izaak Walton League of America is an organization of fishermen, hunters and lovers of the out-of-doors, pledged to the restoration and preservation of sports afield and astream in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, the saving of the fragments of the outdoor America of our ancestors, having and seeking no commercial gain or aggrandizement nor having political interests or affiliations.

Under the foregoing declaration of principles the Izaak Walton League of America advocates:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for national and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

"We advocate the broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions."

4. Full recognition of the fact that the recreational values of forests and streams surpass the commercial values.

5. Due consideration of the disastrous results of indiscriminate drainage projects and the obstruction of natural water courses.

6. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

7. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

8. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game fishes from inland waters.

9. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes.

10. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

11. To endorse the recommendations of zoologists who recognize the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations by the Federal Government and by the several States, so that the aid of scientifically trained men may always be available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters and the proper species of fishes to be planted therein.

12. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

13. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

14. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

Report of Legislation Committee

WHEREAS, the purpose of existing State legislation prohibiting sale of game and game fish are now in many instances defeated by interstate shipments.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that the Chair appoint a Committee to draft a bill for introduction at the next session of the United States Congress prohibiting interstate shipments of game and game fish for commercial purposes."

"Whereas, thousands of American sportmen annually spend their vacations in the Dominion of Canada.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that this League advocate full co-operation with all true conservation movements in the Dominion of Canada, invite the affiliation of Canadian sportsmen and conservationists with the League and extend the beneficial activities of the League to the Dominion of Canada by the formation of Chapters throughout the Dominion as in the United States."

"Whereas, immeasurable good has resulted from the migratory bird treaty with the Dominion of Canada, and

"Whereas, millions of migratory birds that are saved by our treaty with Canada are annually slaughtered south of the Mexican border.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that as soon as our international relations with Mexico will permit, we urge upon the President and Senate of the United States, the negotiation and adoption of a migratory bird treaty with the Republic of Mexico, similar in nature and extent with our treaty with Canada."

"Whereas, we recognize the need of immediate extensive and scientific efforts to conserve, propagate and replenish the fish and game supply of the United States.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that a standing committee be appointed by the Chair to formulate workable plans for an adequate system for the regulation of fishing and hunting in the various States, and the application of license money to fish and game propagation and protection in every State of the Union, and to co-operate in the adoption and enforcement of appropriate legislation therefor."

"Whereas, this League desires to embrace every community in the nation, and

"Whereas, we can profit by the experience of every other patriotic organization, and at the stage of the League's development, the active assistance of all other patriotic organizations and clubs is needed, and will be welcomed, in the formation and maintenance of local Chapters.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that this League solicit the aid and co-operation of all other patriotic, unselfish organizations, and expresses its appreciations to all such organizations for the assistance heretofore rendered."

"Whereas, the matter of pollution of inland water is a menace to the game fish, the beauty of our streams, as well as the public health, and

"Whereas, the problem of preventing further pollution presents challenging jurisdiction of both State and Federal Governments.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that the Chair appoint a standing committee to formulate practicable and scientific methods of curbing this evil and recommending the same to the Congress of the United States and the Legislatures of the respective States under whose jurisdiction the questions arise."

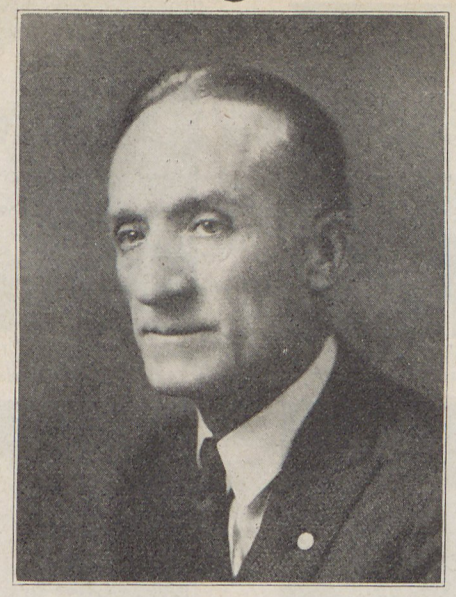
TO the First Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America.

The Legislative Committee of the Izaak Walton League of America in convention recommends that each local chapter of the League be authorized and instructed to elect or appoint one

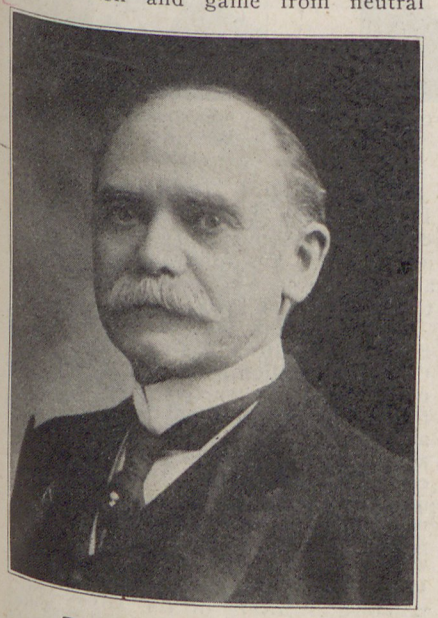
of its members as a member of the Legislative Committee of the National body, whose duty it shall be to study local conditions and legislation and report the sentiments and expression of his Chapter to the Board of Directors and furnish information regarding local conditions as called for from time to time.

The Committee further recommends that the Federal Government under the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act take immediate steps to prohibit the interstate shipment of all species of game fish for commercial purposes, and that immediate steps be taken to prepare a comprehensive and constitutional draft of a legislative act to be introduced at the next session of Congress, and that each local chapter of the League use its utmost efforts in supporting such a measure.

We further recommend that steps be taken to devise a plan whereby the government of the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada may by mutual agreement and laws in compliance therewith regulate the taking of fish and game from neutral waters.

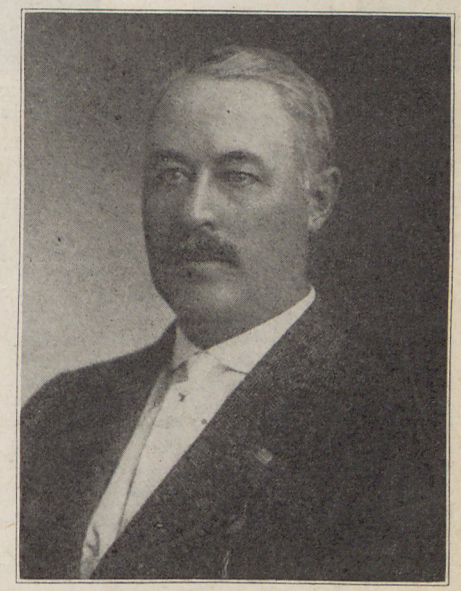


WILL H. DILG, Pres., I. W. L. A.



THOMAS AMBROSE, Vice-Pres.

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL, Hon. Pres., I. W. L. A.

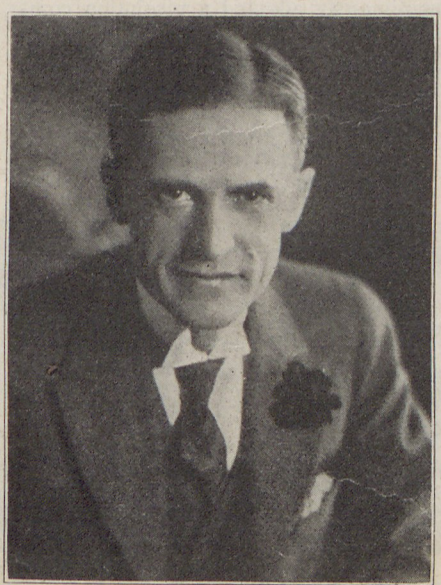


FRED PEET, Secy., I. W. L. A.

The Committee further recommends that the problems of pollution of inland waters now outside of the jurisdiction of the United States Government be dealt with by the legislative bodies of the several States and not by the Federal Government; also that the legislative committee shall thoroughly investigate the bill now being supported by the anti-pollution league of America, report its findings and make recommendations to the Board of Directors.

We further recommend that a uniform fish and game law be drafted which should contain provisions for a license fee for all fishermen and hunters, a closed season according to local climatic and other conditions for all fish and game, and providing for size and bag limit together with penalties for the violation of the same.

We further recommend the discontinuance of further drainage of marsh, swamp or submerged lands until it can be proven beyond doubt that such lands are more suitable and valuable for cultivation than as a haven for wild life, both fish and game.



CHAS. W. FOLDS, Treas., I. W. L. A.

The I. W. L. A. advocates that all State and Federal conservation departments and activities be placed only in the hands of specialists on the subject of conservation.

We further recommend that legislation, state and national, be enacted tending to conserve the timber in the standing forests in the several states and in the national forests and parks and for the encouragement of reforesting the cut-over and devastated lands to the end that these wild lands and the waters therein may be stocked with fish and game for the benefit of the general public and for future generations.

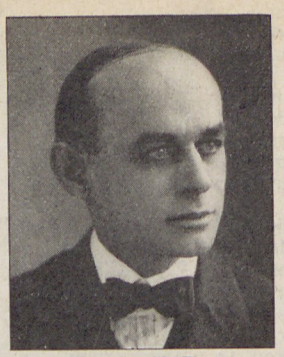
We further recommend that the Izaak Walton League of America through the national headquarters and the various chapters bring every legitimate pressure to bear upon the governmental agencies controlling our national forests and national parks to the end that the national forests and national parks now in existence be forever preserved in their entirety in order that they may be handed down to future generations and further that the League use every honest effort to prevent any and all small groups of individuals or large corporations in their efforts to exploit and make inroads into these national forests and national parks and this is for the reason that we believe that no interest can be as great as that of the entire nation.

"Mindful of the fact that throughout the Western States small groups of individuals and corporations are constantly making efforts to exploit our National Forest and National Parks, and that not the least of these evils is the constant demand and petitions made to governmental agencies to permit these private groups and corporations to turn lakes and streams into irrigation projects that serves at most only a limited group against the interests of people as a whole; therefore, this Committee recommends that the I. W. L. A. call into council men familiar with the conditions presently existing to the end that we may intelligently pursue a program that will not only lessen the evil but definitely insure the preservation of these outdoor resources."

The Legislative Committee of the Izaak Walton League of America in Convention assembled recommends the

PAUL HAYS,
Westville, Okla.

R. W. CLEMONS,
Chattanooga, Tenn.



DR. ROYDEN E. TULL,
Rockford, Ill.

DR. E. R. ZIMMERMAN,
Elkhart, Ind.

JUDGE U.W. LOUDERBACK,
Pontiac, Ill.

SHERMAN BROWN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

PONTUS HEINTZ,
Gary, Ind.

SANDAY MCKAY,
West Branch, Mich.

adoption of the following resolutions.

"Whereas, it is necessary in order to protect and perpetuate the wild life of America that the habitant of such wild life be maintained and perpetuated, and

"Whereas, the General Assembly of the State of Indiana at its recent session enacted laws providing for a game preserve at the junction of the Yellow and Kankakee Rivers between the counties of Starke and La Porte of said State and enacted other constructive and beneficial legislation in the interest of conservation suggested and offered by the different Chapters of the Izaak Walton League of America in said State, and

"Whereas, the Izaak Walton League of America in Chicago assembled in National Convention hereby unanimously casts a vote of thanks, approval and commendation to such legislative body for the excellent work in passing this much needed legislation and that a copy of this resolution be mailed to the Honorable Warren T. McCray, Governor of said State, at Indianapolis, Indiana.

"(Signed) Izaak Walton League
of America.
"By Will H. Dilg, President."

Your legislative committee recommends that the following telegrams be sent: "Honorable J. O. A. Preus,
"Governor of Minnesota,
"St. Paul, Minn.

"The Izaak Walton League of America in convention assembled in the City of Chicago wishes to commend you and the General Assembly of the State of Minnesota on the passage of the bill to restrict drainage of marshes and lakes.

"The Izaak Walton League of America stands solidly behind all constructive legislation for the preservation of wild life and the conservation of natural resources.

"Signed: The Izaak Walton League
of America.
"By Will H. Dilg, Pres."

"Mr. W. J. Stratton,
"State Game Warden
"State House,
"Springfield, Ills.

"The Izaak Walton League of America in Convention assembled at Chicago unanimously adopted a resolution commending in the highest words the splendid work you have done in connection with the draining of Thompson Lake, thereby saving millions of fish for the people of Illinois.

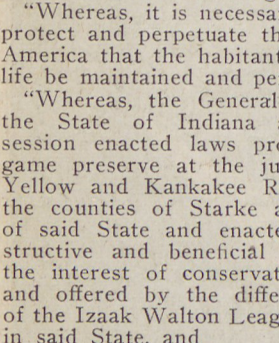
"National Legislative Committee,
"(By) Will H. Dilg,
"President."

The Legislative Committee of the Izaak Walton League of America in convention assembled recommends the adoption of the following resolutions and that the same be wired to his Honor, the Governor of Iowa:

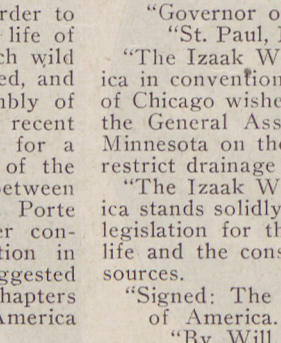
"Whereas, the General Assembly of the State of Iowa has recently passed the Anti-Pollution bill and whereas such measure is constructive legislation of the highest and most commendable type and marks said state as a pioneer in appreciating the sanitary and other inestimable value of clean, pure water in order to maintain the health and happiness, and promote the welfare of the people thereof, and

"Whereas, said measure will be enjoyed, commended, and appreciated by millions of lovers of the Great Outdoors throughout the continent and by their posterity.

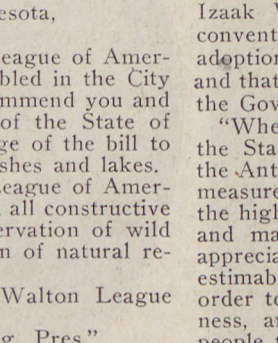
"Now, Therefore, Be It Resolved, that the Izaak Walton League of America in Chicago assemble in National Convention hereby unanimously casts a vote of thanks, approval, and commendation to such legislative body for the stand they have taken in fighting the evils of pollution of inland waters and the excellent work they have accomplished in this much-needed legislation."



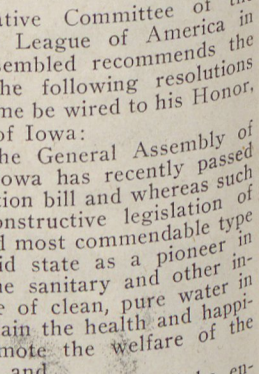
H. L. E. PETERSON,
Rockford, Ill.



W. B. KEMP,
Joliet, Ill



F. P. SMITH,
Batavia, Ill.



J. E. HEATH,
Marengo, Ill.

Report of Resolutions Committee

"Whereas, the purpose of existing State legislation prohibiting sale of game and game fish are now in many instances defeated by interstate shipments.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that the Chair appoint a Committee to draft a bill for introduction at the next session of the United States Congress prohibiting interstate shipments of game and game fish for commercial purposes."

"Whereas, thousands of American sportsmen annually spend their vacations in the Dominion of Canada.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that this League advocate full co-operation with all true conservation movements in the Dominion of Canada, invite the affiliation of Canadian sportsmen and conservationists with the League and extend the beneficial activities of the League to the Dominion of Canada by the formation of Chapters throughout the Dominion as in the United States."

"Whereas, immeasurable good has resulted from the migratory bird treaty with the Dominion of Canada, and

"Whereas, millions of migratory birds that are saved by our treaty with Canada are annually slaughtered south of the Mexican border.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that as soon as our international relations with Mexico will permit, we urge upon the President and Senate of the United States, the negotiation and adoption of a migratory bird treaty with the Republic of Mexico, similar in nature and extent with our treaty with Canada."

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"Now, therefore, be it resolved that a standing committee be appointed by the Chair to formulate workable plans for an adequate system for the regulation of fishing and hunting in the various States, and the application of license money to fish and game propagation and protection in every State of the Union, and to co-operate in the adoption and enforcement of appropriate legislation therefor."

"Whereas, this League desires to embrace every community in the nation, and

"Whereas, we can profit by the experience of every other patriotic organization, and at the stage of the League's development, the active assistance of all other patriotic organizations and clubs is needed, and will be welcomed, in the formation and maintenance of local Chapters.

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"Whereas, the matter of pollution of inland water is a menace to the game fish, the beauty of our streams, as well as the public health, and

"Whereas, the problem of preventing further pollution presents challenging the jurisdiction of both State and Federal Governments.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved that the Chair appoint a standing committee to formulate practicable and scientific methods of curbing this evil and recommending the same to the Congress of the United States and the Legislatures of the respective States under whose jurisdiction the questions arise."

"We advocate the broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over the forests of the United States and dependencies, this system to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions."

Illinois House of Representatives Endorse Izaak Walton League

WHEREAS, The Izaak Walton League of America is now in session at a National convention in the city of Chicago; and

WHEREAS, This league was organized for the conservation of the fish and game resources of this country, through educational and legislative measures; and

WHEREAS, As a result of the pollution of our streams in the State of Illinois, large numbers of fish in said streams have died; and

WHEREAS, Said Izaak Walton League of America is now carrying on an educational campaign throughout the United States of America, with the object in view of securing from the Congress of the United States of America, legislation which will protect our streams from pollution, now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, By the House of Representatives of the Fifty-third General Assembly of the State of Illinois: That we commend the work that the Izaak Walton League of America is doing in behalf of the conservation of our fish and game, and endorse their efforts, and express our accord with their program; and, be it further

RESOLVED, That this preamble and resolution be spread upon the Journal of the House, and that a suitably engrossed copy thereof be forwarded to the president of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Resolution on the Policy of the Magazine

"WHEREAS:

"It is the purpose of The Izaak Walton League of America to educate the public to an appreciation of all that is good out of doors, to arouse the civic conscience of our people to demand the protection of our forests and streams and the wild life contained therein, to promote the re-stocking of the waters, the reforesting of land not suitable for agriculture and the propagation and protection of game in the forests, and

"WHEREAS:

"The Izaak Walton League Monthly is an essential and forceful instrument in the fulfillment of those purposes, and is indispensable as a means of communication between chapters and the enlightment of our members and the public, and

"WHEREAS:

"The Izaak Walton League Monthly can serve its full purpose, promote harmony and inspire achievement only when it has broad, liberal and constructive editorial policy openly stated and strictly adhered to, therefore be it

"RESOLVED:

"That The Izaak Walton League of America, in convention assembled, declare it to be the policy of The Izaak Walton League Monthly to seek to bring every influence, activity, organization and individual interested in the welfare of outdoor life and potential of constructive effort in its promotion into harmonious and concerted relations in an effort to a common end, and be it further

"RESOLVED:

"That the editorial policy of The Izaak Walton League Monthly is conceived to be positive and constructive, tending to impel the best work of all agencies potential of constructive effort toward a realization of the ideals of this League avoiding destructive criticism of individuals, publications, corporations, governmental departments, or legislative bodies, and be it further

"RESOLVED:

"That nothing contained herein is intended to be construed as discountenancing or prohibiting construction and helpful criticism of acts, policies, institutions or individuals whose work in behalf of the great out of doors may be strengthened and improved by such criticism."

We wish to apologise to

MR. EDGAR GUEST

for publishing his well known poem

OUT FISHIN'

in our April issue as an anonymous contribution. Scores of letters correcting us prove that both the poem and its author are widely known and loved.

Nominating Speech for Presidency

By CLARKE VENABLE

Speeches Ordered Printed in Magazine by Convention

MR. CHAIRMAN and Delegates of this convention:—I believe that with a meager handful, a small group of men, I am one who knows the history of this League. Certain it is that the very morning after it was born, word of the League came to me, and a very short time after it came into existence, with but very few Chapters, I began to labor with that handful of men towards a League that would be all of the things that we then saw and now desire.

In the beginning there was but one man who truly believed that this might be brought about. The rest of us were co-workers, but we were not co-visionary. We saw it only in part. We believed that it might be accomplished in some small measure. But when a man said to us, "There will be in a very short time a million members of this League dedicating their efforts and their labors towards the preservation of outdoor America," we said, "Let's hope so," but we scarcely believed it. We had seen so many other efforts fail—local conservation movements, and we had seen them fail. We had bent our shoulder to the wheel, we had bended our backs at local tasks, and they all failed—failed for the reason that they lacked funds, but principally for the reason that there was no vision. They thought only in terms of county and of State. They thought only of propagating fish and game for this generation, and there was at all no thought of national movement whereby we might nationally frame and labor towards national conservation.

But there was during all of the dark days—and I assure you gentlemen that there were some very dark days—one man who held high the faith that this might come about. He was a Crusader type, and, when others of us felt that defeat stood but around the corner, he fought on, Defeat was not in his lexicon. Burdened times without end with tasks that would have broken other men, and have as I may say in no small measure broken him somewhat in health, he labored on towards the fulfillment of that vision, nothing daunted, never hesitating, he fought. Some of us lagged at times and grew weary from time to time, but he held high faith.

It was as though a second Stephen was preaching a Crusade. Not, gentlemen, in the beginning had he sought the presidency. It was more or less a self-appointed task. Mark you, by that, not that the Directors and those members laboring were not willing that it be self-appointed. Often we are prone to shift the burden. If some one else wants to do it let that be done. We will help a bit here and there, but if he wants to bear the burden, let him do it. So I say it was as though a second Stephen preaching a crusade held high the Cross, asking men to follow him in the cause, seeking no other leader, not that no other leader was not wanted but because he felt that no other man knew the way of the Cross and knew the way to the Holy City. And so he has borne the Cross. Indeed, there is no oratory in that statement. There is more of fact than you know. The choice of the words "He has borne the Cross" is used advisedly. And so as a second Stephen he has preached the Crusade.

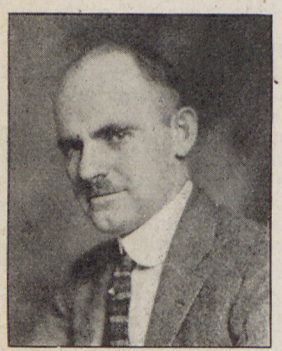
Men have rallied to the cause all over the nation. That evidence is now before us. A greater wall of evidence will be before us when another year has passed. It would be idle to say that a man surrounded by other men and endorsing an idea as mighty as this can not carry it within another year to its absolute success.

In the premises and in the beginning it had only hope, fostered neither by capital nor by members. So if that cause and that man had led it to this success, how greater, then, may we expect its success to be backed now by hundreds of thousands of sportsmen over America! Those men now are helping to bear the cross. Those men now are on the road to the Holy City. Those men now are pledged to the preservation of outdoor America.

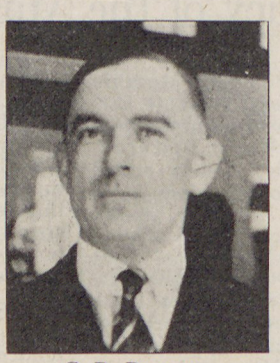
And for those reasons, and without keeping you longer, it was with that in mind that I asked that the rules be suspended in order that this convention might make that nomination by acclamation. It would, indeed, it is the sense of this convention, seen from its very beginning, that that man should be made president.

Gentlemen, it is of small consequence what any group of men may feel about a thing if that group is less than the League itself—and the League itself is always a majority expression of that body. The majority expression of that body is that that man be named President. If that is true, then it must follow, if we are men who will shoulder burdens and bear the task, then all of us are with the majority.

And, gentlemen, I assure you it gives me great pleasure to place before you for your vote by acclamation the name of Will H. Dilg, founder and president of the Izaak Walton League of America.



CLARKE VENABLE,
Indianapolis, Ind.

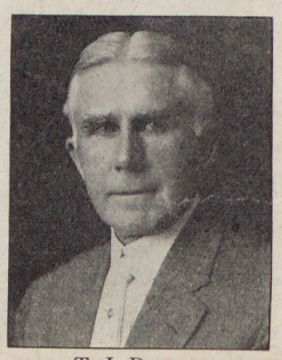


C. R. PROUTY,
Des Moines, Iowa

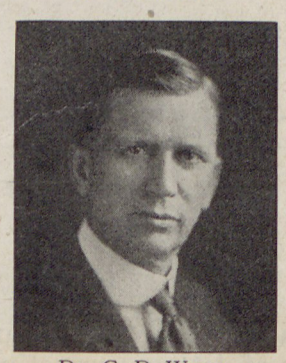
J. B. SHICK,
La Porte, Ind.

HASKELL NOYES,
Milwaukee, Wis.

DR. F. W. SAMUELL,
Louisville, Ky.



T. J. RAWIN,
Sycamore, Ills.



DR. G. D. WEBB,
Joliet, Ill.

DEAN SWIFT,
Edgerton, Wis.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

Seconding Speech

By JUDGE HENRY GRAAS

MR. CHAIRMAN, in seconding that I will inflict myself upon this Convention for but a moment. While our worthy chairman was speaking, I jotted down a few notes, and I know that you will pardon me if my remarks shall not be altogether in keeping with a seconding speech.

But I came to this convention and I gathered something of the inspiration and the enthusiasm of you men that were here assembled. And I want to say to you that I believe we men have been building better than we know. We have been building the pillars of progress upon the cornerstone which these men that the chairman just mentioned had laid years ago—men who had a vision that they could wake up America. And so for years we find that they have been going up and down the highways and the byways of America preaching conservation, preaching protection. And it has only been lately when the appalling immensity of the pollution of our streams has caused them to scream in agony, that they took further action in order that they might save some of those things, which you and I have enjoyed, for the future boys of America. And as I stand here now, there come to me the words of Kipling in his "Recessional":

"God of our fathers known of old,
Lord of our far flung battle line
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

In a short time I presume this convention is going to disperse. "The shouting and the tumult dies, the captains and the kings depart." And I am glad that before we do that we are going to pay respect to that man who is entitled to it, in the manner indicated by our chairman. And I indeed would have been guilty if I had stopped there and allowed this to go on without voicing the emotions and the bubbling which comes up within my heart, to second that nomination.

I had read of this man, and I had seen his picture in the papers heading articles which he has written. But yesterday for the first time did I look into his eyes. I grasp his hand and hear his voice and see his smile. Then I realized that I had met a man that was worth while.

Upon going to my hotel yesterday I picked up a copy of the Gideons' Bible and having nothing else to do I opened it promiscuously and there I read the epistle of Paul to the Philippians. And your Chairman's remarks remind me of it. And as I read that Chapter, the one great secret of St. Paul's power lay in his mighty purpose. Nothing could daunt him. Nothing could intimidate him. A Roman Emperor could not muzzle him. Dungeon walls could not appall him. A prison could not suppress him. "This one thing I do" was written all over his mighty purpose. And the zeal of his enthusiasm has been burning its way down through the centuries. And even today the contagion of Paul with men has never ceased to fire their hearts. And then when I came up here and met this man, I saw the zeal of his enthusiasm, the fire of his ardor the magnetism of this man's presence, and he was saying to the convention, just as St. Paul, "Forgetting the things that are behind, let us move forward." That was his great battlecry. And so this man that has been nominated for President is asking us to forget the wastefulness, asking us to forget the pollution, asking us to forget the destruction of the past and he is asking us now to join hands with him and go forward to the conservation and reforestation of this country for the boys and the girls who are yet to be.

I want to say that he has launched an organization, he has given birth to an idea that never will down. And ours is a noble organization. Its foundations are laid deep in the human hearts of those who love America in its outdoor life. And its policies are all the true ideals of the human race. And we still have much truth to plead, much error and selfishness to destroy.

Ah! They say that republics are ungrateful. But I want to say of Will Dilg that just so long as trees continue to grow, just so long as the waters in our streams will continue to flow, and just so long as fishes will swim, the boys and girls and the men and women of America will recall his name, be grateful to him and call him blessed.

And while I am here, I do not want to forget that this convention should also at this time—it may be a little out of order—pay its respects to that wonderful little woman of his who has been his aid, his hope, his inspiration and guiding star.

And men! Men! I am sure if it were possible for the spirits of mortals who have departed this life to come back to earth and direct the affairs of mortal men, then well do I know that the spirit of Will Dilg's boy pervades the air of this hour and bids this convention—bids our hearts to quicker beat and our pulse to more loyal glow in renewal of our pledge which we are giving that we are going to save the outdoor life of America to posterity.

Men!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle but face it. It is God's gift.

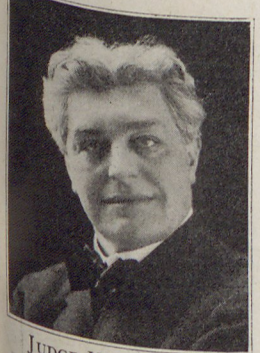
Say not the days are evil and who's to blame and fold our arms and acquiesce.

Oh shame! Stand up! Speak out and bravely in the name of the boys of the future.

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong, how hard the battle goes,

The day how long. Faint not. Fight on. Tomorrow comes the song.

And I want you to go forward in this song with the man who has made these things possible. And therefore I second the nomination of this prince among men, Will Dilg.



JUDGE HENRY GRAAS,
Green Bay, Wis.

CECIL M. BASKETT,
St. Louis, Mo.

M. L. GOCHENOUR,
Warsaw, Ind.

L. C. BARTHOLOMEW,
Michigan City, Ind.

Speech of Acceptance

By WILL H. DILG

MY brother sportsmen, I thank you for this honor from the bottom of my heart.

It is perhaps true that once this idea was only in my own heart, but today it is in all our hearts, and our hearts are overflowing.

I hope that I can be worthy of the honor. God knows, I have tried in the past, and with God's help I am going to carry on for the next year.

I hope I have been man enough to win your approval in the past. And I hope I am man enough to hold it for the future. It has been a great battle. It is going to win. It is only now a matter of common sense. There have been times when it looked mighty dark. And I would be absolutely without the quality of gratitude if I did not say something about those public-spirited, men

of this city who came to the rescue of this League when it was staggering in an awful sea and almost sunk. There is no doubt—well, I don't know what would have happened. But I do know what did happen. And we do know what is happening now.

A year from today this room will be too small to hold the delegates to this convention. We are going to have the million members, and we are going to have a lovers-of-outdoor-America voting bloc. And when we get it we can write our own ticket. And if we don't get it, we can't write it.

The boys and the girls, the future citizens of this republic, are going to know and to have the golden dreams of their sportsmen ancestors. And without this League, outdoor America would have been utterly commercialized in perhaps five years. We got into the breach just in the nick of time. Never was there a more righteous cause, because never was there anything so valuable to fight for. Outdoor America is the noblest asset of this republic. Its wild things, its wild places, need help. And we are going to give this help.

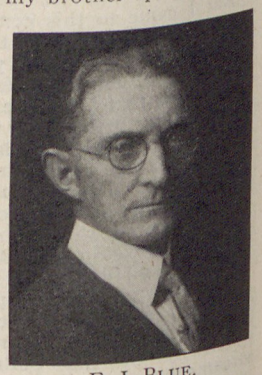
Now, what more can I say? I am flooded with emotions, and I feel the honor to my very marrow and to the core of my innermost heart. I do not believe I deserve the wonderful things that have been said of me. But I am going to try to deserve something of them as it is in my ability to deserve.

Thank you, my brother sportsmen.

DONALD HOUGH,
St. Paul, Minn.

FRANK L. CONNOR,
Des Moines, Iowa

GEO. F. SCHEIBER,
Wilmington, Ill.



E. J. BLUE,
Muncie, Ind.

FRANK NEWTON,
Elgin, Ill.

K. D. PHILLIPS,
Omaha, Neb.

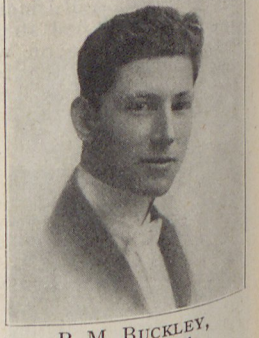
DR. T. T. MULFORD,
Joliet, Ill.

J. T. McVITTIE,
Omaha, Neb.

W. E. WELDEN,
Iowa Falls, Iowa

CARL E. SIMON,
Mansfield, Ohio

LEO YUNKER,
Mansfield, Ohio



P. M. BUCKLEY,
Canton, Ohio

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of Izaak Walton League Monthly, Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for April 1, 1923

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles F. Bennett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Izaak Walton League of America, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Editor, Will H. Dilg, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Will H. Dilg, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Business Managers, Charles F. Bennett, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Izaak Walton League of America, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; Will H. Dilg, Pres., 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; Thomas Ambrose, Vice-Pres., 330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.; Fred N. Peet, Sec'y., 214 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.; Chas. W. Folds, Treas., 208 S. LaSalle St.; Chas. F. Bennett, Ex. Sec'y., 326 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

C. F. BENNETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of April, 1923.

CHARLES HALL,
[SEAL]

(My commission expires October 12, 1923.)

In the June Issue

we shall publish the photographs of the Executive Committee and the National Directors of the League.

CLOSING BANQUET OF THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE I. W. L. A.

The Picture shows no more than half the crowd present. Our Second National Convention banquet will be held in the Coliseum and several thousand sportsmen will sit down to dinner on that night. Sportsmen from thirty-five states are shown in this picture. The next National Convention's dinner will show sportsmen from forty-eight states.

My brother, are you a member of the Izaak Walton League of America? Are you a subscriber for the magazine it owns and publishes? Are you doing your bit to help this National Organization to save for posterity the fragments of the, outdoor America of our ancestors?

The League and its magazine stand for Outdoor America. Subscribe Now—$1.00

Izaak Walton and Conservation

Speech made at banquet which closed the first national convention of the I. W. L. A.

By
DR. HENRY VAN DYKE

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a very good rule never to use all your bait or all your time. I say that to reassure your minds so that you will not fear a long speech.

I have been ever so much embarrassed by the things that have been said about me tonight. And I am also embarrassed by a circumstance which I will explain. One of our grasping eastern corporations, the Pennsylvania Railroad, has a small trunk containing a perfectly good suit of dress clothes. Now, that suit will be on exhibition at the preachers' room next Monday, in order that if there are any doubting Thomases or Thomasinas in this crowd, they may be satisfied. Although a fisherman I have left my false teeth at home tonight. But I speak only the truth, and I was put to the hard alternative of deciding whether I would come here in my old fishing jacket that I fished in in England where I have been trout fishing in March of this year—my old fishing jacket, or staying away because I didn't have any dress suit. But I made up my mind I would come rather than miss the honor and the pleasure of being here.

Why, sitting down with you in this commodious and comfortable hostelry of Chicago is almost as good as sitting down with old Izaak Walton himself in that inn called The Thatched House where he took his scholar to have supper and breakfast with him. Of course, we had some things at this dinner tonight—very excellent things that Izaak and his scholar did not have. But then, they had some things that we didn't have. And I hope no one will misunderstand me if I say that the meetings are held in precisely the same spirit.

Izaak Walton owes his undoubted primacy among fishermen not to his technical skill or knowledge. There are a dozen men in this place tonight—perhaps even more, I know the President of this League is one—who knows more about rods and tackle than Izaak Walton ever knew. Nor does he owe his standing to the size of his fish stories. In fact, I do not remember that he tells a large one personally in all his book. He quotes some from others and at the end says, "Thus saith Michael Drayton" or "Thus saith So-and-So." Wise old guy. I suppose there are—well, at least a hundred men, and probably two hundred ladies, in this audience who could tell a larger fish story than Izaak Walton. And proud of them, too.

But what he owes his primacy to, first of all, is his ability as one of the most beautiful users of the English language that has ever taken a pen into his hand. Izaak Walton's prose is admirable and to be commended at least for study—and not for imitation because it is too good to imitate—is to be commended for study by all young writers.

And the second thing to which he owes his primacy is his character as a man. His character is as beautiful as his writing. He was honest. He was kind. He was industrious at his desk when he didn't have to go fishing, and he was a lover of Nature and of human nature. He did not think that the main part of fishing was simply to fish. It

was to be abroad in God's beautiful world and to hear what the birds and the flowers and the trees and the hills and the streams had to say to him. For they have something to say, especially in this modern age of hurry and drive; they have something calming, something elevating, something tranquillizing, yes, even, I may say, something humanizing to say.

Well, after all, if we men and women are going really to love each other, we have got at least to learn how to do it here in this world of Nature. You remember what Wordsworth said:

"Go forth into the light of things, let
Nature be your teachers.
One impulse from a vernal wood may
teach us more of man
Of moral value and of good than all
the sages can."

And Walton himself loved human nature of all kinds. He was not particular about it. It might be a bishop or a vagabond or a gypsy. He could get something from everybody. If you will read his book you will see he did. His friends were among all sorts and conditions of men. And among them he included a milk maid, and also a lady with a very fine hand. He is particular to inform us of it—a very fine hand, a lady with a very fine hand who made for him once an artificial minnow of "sad colored silk," which he had very successfully used in fishing. I like a man who has got in him at least the possibility of liking everybody. Therefore, I do not believe in Sunday blue laws or any more censorship than is *absolutely* necessary.

Now, Walton, being a human kind of person, a moral kind of person, never caught more fish than he could use. When he had two fish, one a chub and the other a trout, I notice he gave away the chub and kept the trout. He didn't take any pay for the chub. All he did was to ask the milk maid and her daughter to sing him a song. And they sang him the song and he thought he was well rewarded.

He was a lover of the English countryside. I like that phrase "countryside." Don't you? Let us all be lovers of the American countryside. Our cities, you know—oh, you can't stop them. They are going to grow. And I am glad that some kind of intelligence is being brought now into their planning, more than there was in the old time, so that we have really got intelligent and artistic committees planning to see how beautiful cities can be made. And you have had great success in that with some of your western cities—very great. Going back to the days when I first came west, which was in 1879, and looking at things now, I will tell you there is a great big difference between Chicago then—well, I went through as fast as I could. But now it is full of beauty. You have utilized your great natural asset here, your lake shore. Perhaps some further improvement is possibly necessary. But still you have done wonders. So has a city like Minneapolis. So with a city like Kansas City.

Kansas City! You know in that effete East where I come from, it used to be a sort of mocking by-word. But I wish they would go out there now and see what they have done in Kansas City. How wonderfully they have taken advantage of what Nature did! So it is all through our broad land. People are building their cities better.

But don't forget to save the country. Don't forget to keep alive some of that natural beauty which God gave us here. Now, I am sure in speaking that way I am speaking in the spirit of Izaak Walton. Certainly.

My subject is announced as conservation. Well, what is conservation? I sat down for a minute this afternoon while I was hoping and praying the trunk would come, I sat down for a minute and tried to write out what I think we really mean by conservation.

Conservation means guarding, preserving, and if possible, enhancing the natural resources of our country that we may enjoy them to best advantage and hand them down unspoiled to our children.

Is that a fair definition? Understand, I do not say that we must simply have in mind the handing down to our children. We must use them and enjoy them to best advantage as we can now. But back of that must be the thought that we are not going to diminish our children's heritage of natural beauty and wealth. We are going to keep that right for them. We are not going to spend our capital. We are going to spend our income.

America is probably the richest and the most spendthrift—has been the richest and the most spendthrift of civilized countries. Natural resources may be regarded from two points of view. First, use—that is all right, use; and second, beauty. And beauty is the highest kind of use. An ugly world if we make it so is pretty sure to be full of ugly people. And however handsome people are, if they have spoiled their world, it is mighty hard for them to recreate it and make it beautiful again.

We have squandered thousands of

square miles of glorious forest. We have defiled and depopulated myriads of beautiful lakes and streams. And now, as one of your writers has said in the first number of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, it is time to call a halt. Yes, it was time some time ago. But it is time now. And tomorrow won't be as good as today.

We have been drifting rapidly toward that state described by the old sportsman when there will be nothing left to catch in America but cat fish and nothing to hunt but the English sparrows. Of course, that is an exaggerated statement. It is not as bad as that. There are fine waters up in Minnesota and in Idaho and in Wyoming and in Montana and Colorado and all around out in California and out in Oregon. Fine waters! Splendid waters! But they are in danger.

Part of this devastation of our country is due to a kind of reckless, natural wildness in our people—reckless, natural wildness in our people. Coming out of other circumstances, they lived in a country that was very much too big for them, and if they tore a seat in the trousers—to use that figure of speech—in one place, the legs were long enough to cut a patch off and mend it. We had more natural resources than we knew what to do with. But that is rapidly ceasing to be the case—and must, with our increase of population.

We have a lot of people who come over here from Europe, and strange to say, while they have lived under very strict restrictions of their own countries, the moment they come over here they simply go wild and kill every bird they see and catch every fish—dynamite every fish where they can get their stick of dynamite into the stream. I don't want to say anything against any particular race, but I think you know who I mean.

I heard a story the other day about the negro woman who was in a maternity hospital at Baltimore. She had a little baby and they said, "What are you going to call your little baby?" "Oh," she said, "I's done made up my mind. I'se goin' to call mah baby 'Opium.'" "Opium?" they said, "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she says, "that is a mighty pretty word, Opium. It sounds mighty nice, that word. And I done had them look it up in the dictionary and I see that the opium come from de wild poppy, and if there's any chile in de world what got a wilder poppy than my baby, I'd like to know it." Well, there are a great many "wild poppies" growing around in our land, and a great many people who catch all the things they can, whether they can do anything with them or not, a great many people who go right out in the woods and throw a cigarette stub down on a floor of pine needles or knock their pipes out on the bark of an old tree. Some of those people ought to be—*spanked!* if there is any way of teaching them. The same way about the people who kill all the game they can and catch all the fish they can. Limits? Well, we are getting to have them in all our clubs. Let us put them lower down, put them smaller. I don't mean smaller on the size of the fish. Oh, no! Larger on the size of the fish and smaller on the number. It is a great deal more pleasure to catch a half a dozen or ten fish with difficulty than it is to catch a boat load without any trouble whatever.

Then part of it is due to the greed of corporations and people who want to make money—not for the people at large but for themselves. The attacks on our natural parks for water. Why, every year they come. Every year there is a new onslaught comes upon them. They want to get a water supply that will be cheap to the promoter and dear to the consumer. Consequence? Well, the great example of it is Jackson Lake out in the Teton country. There was one of the most beautiful lakes on God's earth—I think one of the most famous lakes, one of the most beautiful lakes in this whole world, and they put a dam right at the mouth of it, and they have turned that lake, three-quarters of its shore into a waste, a howling wilderness—mud, dead trees, a perfect abomination of desolation spoken of in Daniel the Prophet. And they might have gone forty miles down that river to Star Canyon—I have been all over the whole ground and know all about it—and put a dam in there and it wouldn't have hurt anything. And that would have put a fine body of water in a barren place, but they wouldn't do it because they could do the other cheaper. Did the farmer get the benefit of the cheaper one? Nay, nay! It was for the water company.

They tried while I was out there summer before last to get possession of that beautiful Yellowstone Lake, the highest large body of water in the world, and one of the most beautiful bodies also. They tried to get possession of that whole southwest corner of the Park. Fortunately they were defeated by the fidelity of the National Bureau of Parks—National Department of Parks. There was a proposal to dam the Merced river, the life of Yosemite Park, the very life, the eye of it, the heart and soul of it, Merced river, proposing to dam that in a way that would destroy its natural beauty. And that was resisted and fought as all those things must be fought, and they discovered that by going thirty miles down the river they could put in a more effective dam costing a little bit more, but more effective and not spoil the scenery.

Just at the present moment there is a strong attack on St. Mary's Lake, one of the beautiful lakes in Glacier Park, to take that lake and *dam* it. Right: to *dam* is to DAM. That is what it means—for purposes of water supply and power supply, I don't know which it is. But that can only be settled by treaty between the United States and Canada because this Lake lies partly over the border. I say make that treaty right so that that lake shall not be deflowered, despoiled.

It is perfectly true what President Dilg has said, that our government people are willing to do if you show them what the people really want done, but you have got to show them, whether they are from Missouri or not. You have got to tell them.

I think there are three things we want. First of all, we want to have scenic engineers on every Federal water power commission or State water power commission. The beauty is part of the asset. We want to have the thing done in a way that won't spoil the beauty.

Second, we want to absolutely ban all water grabbing in national or state parks, absolutely ban it.

And third, we want to prohibit the pollution of waters, lakes and streams by refuse from factories and sewage from towns.

Every one of those little rivers, none of them very big, that flows along our Atlantic Coast was once a salmon river, but now there is not a salmon in one of them except a little bunch that dare to come up every year on the Penobscot. That is the only remnant of our extinct race of Atlantic salmon. All gone!

England does far better in this matter than we do. I was fishing in March—didn't get many fish, but the fishing was lovely. The weather was beastly, east wind all the time. I was fishing in March in Somerset and Devon in England, and I will tell you, there was no dry fly fishing about that. It was wet fly and wet fisherman—wet all the time.

And there is that River Exe that flows right down through the heart of southern England, past one big city, Exeti, and past a dozen small towns, moderate sized towns and any number of little hamlets. And yet that river is a salmon stream—a salmon stream as far up as the salmon can go, fifty miles up the river, a trout stream above that, flowing right through that thickly populated country of England. There isn't anything like that in New York. There is only one place in New York where it is true, and that is Rome, New York. Look up the history of the Rome Fish and Game Association.

There is something for every man and woman to do. And the object of this Izaak Walton League, as I understand it, is to link up all the local societies and all the local fishermen and fisherwomen everywhere to stand for the preservation of our natural beauty and the purity of our streams in this country, and our lakes, and the keeping of our forests—to stand for it, but not simply to stand for it but if necessary some times to kick for it. You have to do it.

Why, one thing—and I am going to close with this remark—there is a very gorgeous region of country in the Teton Mountains and over on the tributary streams over on the Absoraka Range just outside of Yellowstone Park, and it has been proposed to extend the Park so as to include those regions with careful regard to not injure the interests of the ranchers who are there already in some of those valleys, and they have tried to draw a line which will leave the ranchers along the Buffalo Creek without interfering with them at all and at the same time save the Elk Range and save those streams which are there, and, above all, save those beautiful lakes which lie like a chain of emeralds at the foot of the Teton Mountains with those glorious peaks, looking as if they had a necklace around them and the string had broken and the emeralds had fallen down and lay there at the foot of the mountain.

President Harding has issued a proclamation that those lands are to be reserved from sale, lease or settlement until this question of inclusion in the Park is settled. And strong pressure is being brought upon him to withdraw that proclamation. Let us say to President Harding: "Stand by to the position which you have taken and to other positions which you have taken, not as the president of any set of people, of any particular party, but as the President of the whole people of the United States, determine to do that thing which is best for the community at large."

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Constitution and By Laws of I. W. L. A.

As Adopted at First Annual Convention

ARTICLE I

Name

The name of this organization shall be the Izaak Walton League of America.

ARTICLE II

Objects

The objects of this organization are:

(A) To promote by precept and example the highest standards of sportsmanship. To increase fellowship among lovers of the Out-of-Doors and to band them together into a fraternal and powerful organization whereby they may lay the foundation for the propagation and permanent preservation of game and of game fishes in coverts and in waters appropriate to them.

(B) To encourage and promote the organization of affiliated chapters having like aims; to issue charters to such chapters and to give them aid and counsel in their work for the common good.

(C) To encourage the use of appropriate light tackle by a system of awards for notable exploits with rod and line by members of the League.

(D) To prepare and circulate literature, conduct and publish a magazine as the official organ of the League, to take moving or other pictures, to engage lecturers, or to adopt any other method of educating the public to the need of constructive work for the preservation of our wild life and our woods and waters.

(E) To work for and encourage legislation along accepted scientific lines designed to end methods and agencies destructive to wild life and to encourage methods that shall tend to replenish our coverts and waters with game and with game fishes indigenous or adapted to them.

(F) To create a fraternal spirit among the sportsmen of the country, harmonize their interests, unify their action, and solidify them into a national association working through local chapters toward definite ends.

ARTICLE III

Membership

Section 1. There shall be six classes of membership, viz.: active, junior, honorary, at-large, contributing, and national life.

Section 2. Every member of on auxiliary chapter in good standing shall be an active member of the Izaak Walton League of America. Active members shall not be less than sixteen years of age.

Section 3. Junior Members. Any person under 16 years of age may be admitted to membership in the League upon the payment of one dollar as per capita dues. Such junior member shall be entitled to wear the button of a junior member of the League and shall have all the rights and privileges of a regular member except that of voting.

Section 4. Any person who by reason of extraordinary service to the League, distinguished devotion to the cause of true sportsmanship, or whose notable achievements, in other directions may merit our official recognition, may be made an honorary member, and shall be exempt from payment of dues.

Section 5. In localities where no auxiliary chapter exists, any person eligible for membership and in sympathy with the objects for which this League is formed, may become a member-at-large. He shall receive a membership card and button but may not vote at business meetings.

Section 6. Any person not an active member, who may desire to aid the cause without affiliating with a local chapter, may become a contributing member of the League upon payment of $25.00 or more annually.

Section 7. Any person, whether a member of an auxiliary chapter or not, who may wish to support the movement fostered by this League may become a National Life member upon the payment of $100.00 or more.

Section 8. Any person, whether a member of an auxiliary chapter or not who may wish to support the movement fostered by this League, may become a Fellow of the League upon contributing $500.00.

Section 9. Any person, whether a member of an auxiliary chapter or not, who may wish to support the movement fostered by this League, may become a "Founder of the League" upon contributing $1,000 or more.

Section 10. Any person, whether a member of an auxiliary chapter or not, who may wish to support the movement fostered by this League, may become a Patron of the League upon contributing $5,000.00 or more.

ARTICLE IV

State Divisions

Any state with not less than ten affiliated chapters may for the purpose of more efficiently carrying out the objects of the League, organize a State Division.

Such State Division may elect a President and executive officers and may frame a constitution and by-laws to go into effect when approved by the Board of Directors of the League.

ARTICLE V

Management

The management of this League shall be vested in a Board of Directors, consisting of fifty-one members.

Said Board shall fill by election any vacancy that may occur in the office of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, or director.

One vice-president shall be a resident of Chicago or of a neighboring city. The Board may elect an honorary President who may or may not be a League member.

ARTICLE VI

Official Organ

Section 1. The Izaak Walton League Monthly is declared to be the official organ and the property of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Section 2. The Board of Directors shall appoint a managing editor who shall receive such compensation as the Board, at a regular meeting, may determine. The Board shall direct the general policy of the Monthly as well as the class of advertisements that may appear in it.

ARTICLE VII

The principal office of this League shall be in the city of Chicago, Illinois, and the territorial limits of the organization shall be the same as those of the United States and Canada.

ARTICLE VIII

Amendments

This constitution may be amended at any annual meeting or at an adjourned session thereof by a two-thirds majority vote of the members present.

ARTICLE I

Officers

The officers of this League shall be a president, an honorary president, one or more vice-presidents, a recording secretary, an executive secretary, and a treasurer.

ARTICLE II

Duties of Officers

Section 1. The Board of Directors shall constitute the governing body and shall have general control over all officers and committees and the management of the affairs and funds of the League and it shall appoint all officers whose elections are not herein provided for.

The Board of Directors shall appoint from its own number an Executive Committee of not less than seven nor more than nine members, four of whom shall be a legal quorum, and who, when the Board is not in session, shall have and exercise the power to attend to all the ordinary business of said Board. It shall meet upon the call of the Chairman or Acting Charman.

Appeal may be taken from any decision of the Board of Directors to the League and such appeal shall be determined by a two-thirds majority vote of the members present at any regular meeting, a quorum being present, notice of such appeal having been given by the Secretary to all Chapters of the League at least thirty (30) days in advance of such meeting. Appeal from a decision of the Board of Directors shall be made in writing to the President within sixty (60) days from date of such decision, and such appeal shall be acted upon by the League at the meeting following such notice of appeal.

Nine members shall constitute a quorum of the Board of Directors for the transaction of any business.

President

Section 2. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the League, and of the Board of Directors, and to perform such other duties as ordinarily pertain to the office.

Vice-Presidents

Section 3. It shall be the duty of the ranking Vice-President in the absence of the President to preside at all meetings of the League, and to perform such other duties as ordinarily pertain to this office. The Vice-Presidents shall perform such other duties as may be assigned to them by the Board of Directors.

Recording Secretary

Section 4. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep accurate record in permanent form, of all business transacted, and to perform such other duties as may be prescribed from time to time by the Board of Directors.

Executive Secretary

Section 5. It shall be the duty of the Executive Secretary to send out required notices, attend to correspondence addressed to the League, keep accurate books of account, certify vouchers to be paid by the Treasurer and to do and perform such other acts and duties as ordinarily pertain to this office, or as directed from time to time by the Board at a regular meeting may determine.

Treasurer

Section 6. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys accruing to the League, to deposit such funds as hereinafter prescribed, to account for the same to this League at its annual meeting and at any other time upon request of the Board of Directors. Upon his retirement from office he shall turn over to his successor, or to the President all funds and property in his possession belonging to the League, and shall perform such other duties as ordinarily pertain to the office or as further provided herein. The outgoing Treasurer shall remain in office until his successor shall qualify by giving an approved bond.

ARTICLE III

Meetings

Section 1. The annual meeting of the League shall be held on the first Thursday of April in each year unless otherwise ordered by the Board of Directors.

Section 2. Regular meeting of the Board of Directors shall be held on the first Monday of each month. Special meetings of the Board shall be called by the President whenever he shall deem it necessary, or whenever requested by two (2) members of the Board. At least five (5) days' notice of all Board meetings shall be given to the members of the Board by the Secretary.

Section 3. All business of this organization shall be transacted by **viva voce** vote, except elections, which shall be by ballot.

ARTICLE IV

Dues

Section 1. For active members there shall be no dues other than paid by them to the affiliated chapter or chapters to which they belong. No Chapter shall fix the total annual dues of its members in excess of $5.00.

Section 2. For the members-at-large the dues shall be $2.00 per year, which shall include the cost of the League button and subscription to the League Monthly.

Section 3. Each affiliated Chapter shall pay this League $2.00 per capita per annum, which shall include subscription to the Monthly.

When two or more members of a family living at the same address become members of the League, one only shall be required to subscribe for the magazine.

Section 4. Within ten days from the date of the receipt of the annual dues of a new or an old member by an affiliated Chapter, such Chapter shall remit to the League headquarters the amount paid for per capita dues and subscription to the Monthly.

Section 5. The fiscal year of the League shall end January 31st of each year, at which time all Chapter dues in arrears shall become payable.

ARTICLE V

Funds

Section 1. All funds of the League shall be deposited by the Treasurer in the name of the Izaak Walton League

of America in such bank or banks as shall be designated by the Board of Directors.

Section 2. All disbursements of the funds of this League shall be by cheque drawn by its Treasurer upon its deposit accounts, after such payments have been ordered by the Board of Directors, and evidenced by voucher signed by the Executive Secretary or presiding officer.

In many cases of emergency the Treasurer may make disbursements not in excess of $50 without an order from the Board, subject to approval by the Board at its next meeting.

Section 3. A thorough audit of the League's financial transactions shall be made in July of each year by a certified public accountant designated by the Board of Directors. The Secretary and Treasurer and others having books of account or records shall submit them to such audit. The cost of audit to be borne by the League.

A copy of the auditor's report shall be mailed to the Secretary of each affiliated chapter, so that every member of an Izaak Walton Chapter may be kept fully advised as to the management of the fund to which he contributes.

Section 4. Any person having charge or control of funds of this League shall give bond as may be required by the Board of Directors, for the safe custody of the funds of the League. The cost of the bonds shall be borne by the League.

Section 5. All records and books of the League shall be kept in the office of the League and shall be open to inspection by any member of the League at any reasonable time.

ARTICLE VI

Nominations and Elections

Section 1. At each annual convention, a nominating committee shall be appointed by the chair, which shall consist of at least as many members as there are states represented in the convention. The duty of such committee shall be to place in nomination condidates for the elective offices of the League.

Section 2. The annual election of this League shall take place at the annual convention or meeting in each year, at which time a President, one or more Vice-Presidents, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, and seventeen Directors, shall be elected by ballot to serve for one year from the date of election. Other seventeen directors shall be elected to serve for two years, and seventeen may be elected to serve for three years.

At the next annual convention and annually thereafter, seventeen Directors shall be elected to serve for three years.

ARTICLE VII

Expulsion of Members and Clubs

Section 1. Any member-at-large who by his conduct violates any of the ethics, laws or rules of this League may be expelled from membership by a two-thirds (⅔) vote of the Board of Directors present at a regular Board meeting, provided that said member shall have been given at least ten (10) days' notice in writing of such pending action. Service of such notice may be made by personal delivery or by registered letter mailed to such member's last known address. The said members may be represented by counsel, at the hearing before the Board of Directors.

Section 2. Any affiliated Chapter which fails to pay the per capita dues as set forth in Section 4 of Article IV, or which shall in any way violate the letter or spirit of this constitution, or fail to cooperate with this League and affiliated chapters for the attainment of the objects of this organization, shall forfeit its charter and its members shall be declared to be no longer members of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Section 3. The process for the expulsion of an affiliated chapter shall be the same as for a member-at-large as set forth in Section 1, except that the chapter shall be given thirty days' notice of the charge preferred against it.

Section 4. Any member or chapter whose connection with this League shall be severed, shall forfeit all interest in any funds or other property belonging to the League.

ARTICLE VIII

The National Convention

Section 1. On the first Thursday of April in each year there shall be held in the city of Chicago, Illinois, unless otherwise ordered by the Board of Directors, a national convention of representatives of the affiliated chapters.

Section 2. Each affiliated Chapter shall be entitled to elect one additional alternate to represent it in the national convention. Each Chapter shall be entitled to elect one additional delegate and one additional alternate for each unit of one hundred members in good standing, in excess of the first one hundred members.

Section 3. In the absence of any delegate and his alternate from the floor of the convention, the delegate or alternate from the same chapter who may be present shall be entitled to cast the vote of such alternate, and have it counted.

ARTICLE IX

Committees

Section 1. The President shall appoint, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors, the following standing committees:

Administration
Education
Entertainment
Finance
Membership
Legislation
Angling Standards
Awards

Administration Committee

Section 2. The Administration Committee shall consist of three (3) members and it shall be the duty of such committee to investigate questions which may arise relative to the construction of the Constitution, By-Laws, Rules and other matters of League regulations and procedure and submit recommendations to the Board of Directors.

Educational Committee

Section 3. The Educational Committee shall consist of five (5) members and its duty shall be to study the question of how best to enlighten the public mind to the objects of this League and from time to time to make recommendations for action by the Board of Directors covering literature, pictures, speakers, or any other subject which in its opinion might be of value in molding public opinion.

Entertainment Committee

Section 4. The Entertainment Committee shall consist of five (5) members and its duty shall be to study the question of providing entertainment for the regular meetings of the League and of the auxiliary chapters, and to suggest suitable program features, which, when favorably acted upon by the Board of Directors, shall be passed on to the auxiliary chapters.

Finance Committee

Section 5. The Finance Committee shall consist of three (3) members and its duty shall be to recommend to the Board of Directors any change in the method of keeping or paying out the funds of the League, which in its opinion will make for increased safety and economy. When the funds of the League have grown to a considerable amount it shall be its duty to devise and recommend a budget plan for the investment or disbursement of such funds. The treasurer shall be a member ex-officio.

Membership Committee

Section 6. The Membership Committee shall consist of five (5) members and its duties shall be to receive applications for membership, investigate them and make recommendation to the Board of Directors as provided in Article IV.

Legislation Committee

Section 7. The Legislation Committee shall consist of at least one member from each state represented in the League. Its duty shall be to keep in touch with Legislation and recommend to the Board of Directors such action as in its opinion may tend to advance the objects to which this League is committed by Article II of the Constitution.

The President shall appoint an executive committee of five (5) of said members to carry on the business of this committee in the absence of a greater number.

Committee on Angling Standards

Section 8. The Committee on Angling Standards shall consist of five (5) members. Its duties shall be to fix the weights and sizes of fish and tackle which shall govern contests for which awards are to be made under the provision of paragraph (C) of Article II of the Constitution.

Committee of Awards

Section 9. The Committee on Awards shall consist of five (5) members. Its duties shall be to select suitable prizes to be awarded upon recommendations of the Committee on Angling Standards, to keep records of the several contests and to distribute the awards, subject to the approval of the Board of Directors.

Section 10. The President may at any time appoint such special committees as may be necessary to meet emergencies.

Section 11. Any committee may recommend to the Board of Directors such changes in and additions to the by-laws as will tend to simplify its work, and the Board of Directors may act upon such recommendation without notice to members unless objection be filed in writing by three or more members of the Board.

General Rules

1. The Proceedings of the League, its directors, and committees shall be governed by and conducted according to the latest edition of Robert's Manual of Parliamentary Rules, except as otherwise provided.
2. There shall be no fixed order of business.
3. No contributions shall be solicited at any meeting of the League unless previously authorized by the Board of Directors.
4. No resolution or motion to commit this League on any matter shall be considered until it has been presented to the Board of Directors and the recommendation of the Board received.

Adopted April 21st, 1923, at the First National Convention Izaak Walton League of America, held at Chicago, April 19th, 20th, 21st, 1923.

Committee

Thomas Ambrose, Chairman, Chicago Chapter.
M. L. Gochenauer, Warsaw, Ind., Chapter.
J. B. McCready, Fond du Lac, Wis., Chapter.
J. P. Nass, Dayton, Ohio, Chapter.
K. D. Phillips, Omaha, Nebraska, Chapter.
Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Iowa, Chapter.

"And Our Posterity"

(Continued from page 456)

Just the other day I saw an advertisement inserted by a gun manufacturer in a great outdoor magazine. Across the top of the page were the words "Tote a Gun!" The advertisement went on to say that there was plenty of shooting between now and the hunting season. There are hawks, it said, and owls, and crows, and a number of birds that can be lawfully and advantageously shot during the summer.

Imagine the short sightedness of such preaching! Just when there is a rumbling of agitation against promiscuous shooting, shooting from automobiles, and such! Such policies as these are going to kill all shooting and fishing for both the true sportsman and the gun - shooter - for - the - sake - of - gun-shooting.

But I am getting away from my subject. Next time I wander, please stop me.

The Minnesota moose herd was doomed to certain extinction. It is estimated that there are about 3,000 moose left in the state. Most of these are in the Superior state game refuge, but there are enough outside to furnish an annual average of about 300 trophies to the hunters. And the 300 annual kill takes account of only the reported kills. Figure it out for yourself.

The refuge does not comprise the natural range of the moose, and since the surrounding territory is not adapted to settlement and is excellent feeding ground, the moose insist on using it. The whole herd would have been shot out in a few years. This contention is strengthened by the fact that careful observation and count by the federal forest rangers for the past ten years showed a yearly decrease of moose **within the game refuge.**

The moose of Minnesota are instrumental in attracting thousands of tourists annually to the Superior Forest region. This natural canoe region is visited by many advocates of the Indian method of water travel, and the prospect of observing and photographing moose is a strong attraction.

The protection of the moose, we might add, came mighty close to being a futile law. The stronghold of the

animals was threatened by automobile roads through the heart of the wilderness waterway region. The success of the projects would have meant the certain end of the moose in Minnesota. They would have been driven to Canada or would have withered away before civilization.

However, after a fight in which the Izaak Walton League was a powerful factor, and which attracted nation wide attention and participation, the road program was defeated at Duluth, Minnesota, April 3.

These two moves—the moose law and the defeat of the road projects—have been of the utmost importance not only to residents of Minnesota but to the outdoorsmen of the whole country. The opposition to the roads proved that the national forests are considered the property of the people, and that the people of the nation are interested in them. The moose affair was of importance to all the outdoorsmen of the country, because it concerned one of the last herds of moose in the United States, and, in a broad sense, the mere fact that the moose happened to be located in any one state had nothing to do with the fact that they are a heritage of the American people.

As I have said, the Walton League was a powerful factor in both of these movements. It showed what strong national organization can do, and it also proved, in the idea that there are so many similar things to be done, that there is a crying need for concerted action of the sportsmen of the nation in the things that concern the sportsmen of the nation.

There is no corner of this country that does not contain something of interest to the outdoorsmen of the whole country. In fact, the thing we are most interested in—outdoor America itself—is nothing more than a number of corners.

When destruction of these things threatens, it is concerted action by the sportsmen of the nation that counts. Local action alone often degenerates to local squabble. Outside influence and interest are the most powerful because they are obviously based on unbiased motives.

Fortunate, in their local problems, are those outdoorsmen who can call upon the outdoorsmen of the nation for help. Fortunate, in other words, are those outdoorsmen who, when they take the field in the interest of conservation, have behind them the ideals, the motives, the powerful influence for good, of the Izaak Walton League.

Regarding Superior Nat'l Forest Camping

Mr. Will H. Dilg,
Pres. Izaak Walton League of America,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

I feel sure that every one present at the recent Duluth conference considering the road question of Superior Forest, realizes how much we owe the Izaak Walton League of America and your coming to the meeting. Your talk before us in the forenoon was just what the meeting needed to rouse its enthusiasm for the protection of this magnificent forest wilderness recreation spot. We were all in hearty favor of the opposition to the present road plans, but, doubtless, lacked the ability to influence the rest towards concrete results. Your apt expression "Only God made the Forest, and only man can destroy it" is worthy of being the slogan of the newly formed Superior National Forest Association. All things considered, I hope you will feel repaid because of results for your long trip to Duluth from Florida.

For over two years, our Mississippi Valley Chapter of the Am. Soc. of Landscape Archts. has been actively interested in Superior Forest and two of us attended this Duluth conference. A year ago last August, our Chapter had the opportunity of a two hour talk concerning Superior Forest by Mr. Carhart, then **Recreational Engineer** for the U. S. Forestry Service for the district No. 2, covering eight national forests from the Rockies to the Ohio River. Mr. Carhart was returning from his second extended visit to Superior Forest and had a report ready covering this forest, to submit to the Forest Service. He showed us a large lot of remarkably fine pictures of the wonderful region.

At that time Mr. Carhart made an emphatic plea to maintain its primeval wildness. He stated in very decided fashion that it should **always** remain **the canoe trail forest of the entire** United States. No mention was made of the need of roads, in fact he stated travel should be by water only for the nature lover visiting it. Being engaged in recreational work only, he naturally would have stressed roads **had they been at all needed.**

Therefore, I believe our conference and the newly formed Superior National Forest Association has a fortunate background for our first work with the Forestry Service, and I believe success will come to our efforts in preserving this great tract for the future boys and girls of our nation.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES H. RAMSDELL.
Pres. Mississippi Valley Chapter Am. Soc. of Landscape Archts.

What Happened Up the Creek

(Continued from page 462)

clasping the struggling fish.

"What a whopper!" exclaimed E. J. after he had recovered his breath. "Hell's bells! he's the biggest brook trout I ever seen. Talk about yer grand-daddy fish, why, he must be the father of the fust one thet ever was. What in the devil kind o' fly did ye take 'im on, anyway? Ye must o' had a bull-frog tied on the end o' yer line, didn't ye?"

For answer Tad reeled in the line that still dangled in the stream, and let a little bunch of feathers with a cork body drop into E. J.'s outstretched hand.

"One o' them floatin' bugs," he remarked as he fingered it curiously. "Never used one o' them. I heered tho' thet they was good killers an' I'll be danged if it don't look like it. Why, hell," he continued, "the barb's busted off'n it, 'taint no wonder he throwed the danged thing. I can't see how ye hung on ter 'im a 'tall."

"No, the barb ain't busted, I filed 'er off," said Tad, hanging his head as though ashamed of his secret.

"Ye filed 'er off," yelled E. J., "what in hell did ye do thet fer, are ye crazy?"

"Well, E. J.," said Tad, "I guess mebbe I am crazy like ye say, but yer see I been readin' in one o' them out door magazines thet it's great sport ter take a fish thet way. They say it gives a fish a sort o' fifty fifty chance an' then when ye ketch one thet is too small ye kin take 'im off the hook an' put 'im back an' it wont hurt 'im none. Then they say thet it takes a real fisherman ter ketch a fish thet way, an' b'gosh I allus sed I was a fisherman if I wasn't nothing else. Yes, I guess I am crazy, E. J., but dern it, I can't help it. It jest seems like them fish out there is almost human, an' I don't know o' anything thet will give a feller any more fun for his money then they will. So, dern it, I jest can't help givin' them all the show I kin in return fer what they give me." And the old man jerked up his head defiantly.

"Well I'll be damned," said E. J.

For a time they both sat in silence, and then E. J. arose. He wanted to say something but didn't know how to go about it. "I'm gettin' derned cold from the bath I took," he finally said, "An' I s'pect I better be gettin' back ter camp 'fore I ketch pneumony. 'Fore I go, though, Tad, I'd like ter ask one favor o' ye. I don't s'pose I deserve it, 'cause I have done some purty danged mean things ter ye, but I would look on it as a right smart honor ter shake the hand o' the best sportsman I ever met." And he stuck out a gnarled old fist that had once found a resting place between Tad's eyes. For a moment old Tad sat there motionless and then he arose with a big tear in his dim old eye, and grasped E. J.'s hand in both of his and said,

"Ye ain't the only one thet has been off color E. J. an' ye know it. An' as far as bein' a real sportsman, well, any one thet hated a man like ye hated me an' then would help me out with thet big feller there on the ground, ain't what ye'd call a bum sport by no means, so I guess the honor is 'bout fifty, fifty, ain't it?"

"Oh, thet wern't nothin' Tad," remarked E. J. "By the way," he continued. "S'pose ye come over ter my place an' put up fer the night. It's jest around the bend there, an' then after we get rested a bit we can file the barbs off'n my hooks."

That night Jake Wendle was reading the evening paper, when he was interrupted by a knock at the front door. He opened it and there stood a farmer lad who thrust a sealed envelope into his hand, turned, and without a word was swallowed up in the night. Jake broke the seal, drew out a note and read. He grabbed at a chair for support, read again and sank into it.

"Call off all proceedings against Tad Jones. Have another scheme.

Signed, E. J. Jones."

Last week I called on Jones and Jones Hardware Co. for the first time and got a real order.

"I suppose," said E. J. after we had finished our business, "Ye'd like to know how all this came about, an' by hell, ye are the only one thet deserves ter know. What do ye think, Tad?"

Old Tad nodded his head, and so between the two of them, and with what I already knew I got the whole story.

"Ye see," added Tad as they finished, "E. J. an' me together ketched thet big fish hangin' there. We couldn't figger out jest who the derned thing really belonged ter, so we went in ter partnership an' now we both hev it."

As I stood there looking at the big beauty above their desks I'll swear that I saw him wink his big glass eye.

Conclusion of Cover Editorial

gone and gone forever. Never again shall we have more than fragments. If even these be dear, THEN SURELY IT IS TIME TO CALL A HALT.

These are not harsh words, or thoughtless words, or bitter. They are only unwelcome words. They are unwelcome because they are true. But no man ever gained anything by deceiving himself. We have been doing that. *It is time to call a halt.*

Can any human agency work the great miracle of giving the ages a part of the America that was ours? I do not know. I dare not predict.

Can this weak, new, little journal, openly established as a pulpit of heresy to the orthodox selfishness and commercialism in sport, work that vast miracle? I do not know, I dare not predict. But may we not all at least join in that clean hope? Surely, *if it also shall fail, then all hope of Outdoor America also has failed and failed forever.* By the fruits, judge.

IT IS TIME TO CALL A HALT. We have been on the wrong path. The farther we go, the more we leave truth behind. Let us halt, retrace, go back and get into some new path, hoping it may at last be the right road, with success and not failure, happiness and not despair, at its end. THEN WE SHALL NOT NEED TO HALT.

Spirit of the Great Angler; all spirits of patriots and gentle men, look down upon us and have pity upon us! We are weak. Give us of your calm and serene strength, your eternal youth, your cleanliness of soul, your lofty aristocracy of thought. Help us set aside material motives. Help us work out the great miracle, *in a land now almost beyond the aid even of miracle.*

When one unclean hand touches the management of this experiment, then it fails. When one commercialized motive comes into its thought, then it fails. When it becomes the organ of any man's vanity, the tool of any man's selfishness, *then it fails.*

At the suspicion of any one of those things, at least one name will never again appear on any of its pages. I willingly lend it here after fifty years of love and labor in and for Outdoor America—fruitless labor, myself no better than the next—none the less with an undiminished love for this America of ours, and a hope not yet wholly faltering that the needed miracle EVEN YET MAY COME.

It Helps the League

and its Magazine When You Write Advertisers to Mention the

Izaak Walton League Monthly.

V&A

SPORTING GOODS EXCLUSIVELY

We are a specialty shop serving the sportsman exclusively.

30 years' experience and up-to-the-minute information at your command.

Our stock is the largest in the west; it gives representation to the foremost manufacturers of Sporting Goods in this country and on the continent.

Satisfaction of our customer is our first consideration.

Mail orders intelligently and quickly executed. Catalog T2 puts our store at your door. Copy mailed on request.

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

130 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Alaskan Fisheries

(Continued from page 465)

as much as the government about the future. They have too much invested to see Alaska's fisheries seriously depleted, as the cannery operators have alone nearly $63,000,000 in equipment in Alaska.

Fish hogs in the United States will hang their heads with shame when they hear about Alaska canneries taking salmon from their spawning beds. I can conceive of nothing quite as low in the scale of fishing violations to equal this dastardly trick. Anything to get the fish and thereby get the money has been their slogan, but the price has been paid. No fish or mammal on the earth can stand such a drain upon its numbers as has been put upon the Alaska salmon. And now it is time "to call a halt."

Secretary of Commerce Hoover, under whose jurisdiction the fisheries of Alaska come, has stepped into this situation with a discriminating hand and is trying to solve the problem of what to do, and how to do it. It is a question of saving salmon, at the same time not bankrupting big firms who have millions invested. Mr. Hoover is concerned over the depletion of salmon in Alaskan waters and feels that more effective control of commercial operations is imperative and "That further action is needed in order to prevent overfishing of the most valuable red salmon districts in the world." In this action he deserves the support of the Izaak Walton League.

"It's time to call a halt!"

The June Issue

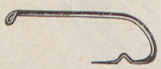
Will Be a Special

BLACK BASS NUMBER

"May Your Creel Always Be Heavy, Yet Decent"—*Larry St. John*

Jamison's Barbless Hook

Patented in United States, Canada and Great Britain



WE take great pleasure in announcing the perfection and final tests of "Smiling Bill" Jamison's latest and greatest invention, the Jamison Barbless Hook. This hook, while being probably the greatest help to the angling game of any known device does not impose any hardship on the angler nor deprive him of any of his sport nor lessen his catch. It gives him the great satisfaction of being able to return all undersized or other unwanted fish to the water unharmed, thus conserving and perpetuating his favorite sport without cost in money or effort to himself or anyone else.

This wonderful hook lands practically every fish that is hooked as easily as any barbed hook.

It requires no more skill than the hook that is fitted with the cruel and inhuman barb, yet it holds the fish with a certainty that is uncanny and does not injure them more than a piece of plain sharp pointed wire would.

It requires only a touch to remove the fish from the hook, or they may be allowed to remove themselves merely giving them slack line, though even then the fish are often unable to get off of the hook. Frequent actual tests have proved the truth of this statement.

The penetrating power of the wonderful needle point is simply amazing. The "hump" apparently does not interfere in the slightest degree, yet it holds the fish with a surety that is beyond belief unless you see it yourself.

Recent exhaustive tests with brook and rainbow trout in several different streams and under varying conditions showed that *about 95 per cent* of the fish hooked were landed, with nothing to indicate that the few fish that got away would not have gotten away even if barbed hooks had been used.

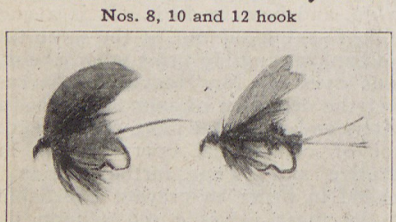
We guarantee all claims and will cheerfully refund money to anyone who is not satisfied.

We realize that our claims are so strong and unusual that many will be inclined to doubt at least some of them, but a single trial will convince the most skeptical.

At present we are making only 12 patterns of trout flies on the new barbless hooks, but these twelve are old time popular patterns that are known everywhere as great killers. They will be made in Nos. 8, 10 and 12 only and in Dry Fly style.

Jamison Barbless Hook Dry Flies

Nos. 8, 10 and 12 hook



Black Gnat	Jamison's McGinty
Brown Hackle	March Brown
Cahill	Professor
Coachman	Royal Coachman
Gray Hackle	Rube Wood
Grizzly King	Wickham's Fancy

Price, $3.00 per dozen

As our supply of hooks is somewhat limited for the present we reserve the right to substitute either size or pattern should we be out of one or more patterns. We have no hooks for sale at present time. Only made up flies can be supplied.

Send for our catalog of artificial baits, flies, bait casting lines, leaders, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W., 736 South California Avenue

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Forestry

(Continued from page 473)

build fires and never take the trouble to put them out. Every camp fire should be built on the ground only after every effort has been made to clear away the combustible litter down to the mineral soil and sand and water should be thrown on the fire when the camper leaves the premises. It is just such little things as these that decide whether or not we are to have a green forest or a saharian waste.

We Americans see more of the country than any other nationality. Anyone would rather motor on shaded roads through a green wooded country than in the glare of the sun with nothing to see but sterile hillsides ravaged by fire. Patriotism, if nothing else, should require each and every one of us to do all in our power to conserve our natural resources.

The people, not only of Michigan but of the whole country, are beginning to realize that the conservation of our tree growth is a vital necessity and there is a strong sentiment for the planting and preservation of trees along the highways. While trees add greatly to the beauty of a region, they are valuable to the land owners and to the public at large for many other reasons. They add shade and beauty to the highway and add value to the adjoining lands.

To those of you who believe in conservation and in wild life, both game and fish, I wish to say that when our forests go, our invaluable wild life goes with it. Forests and game are linked together and are inseparable.

Wasteful lumbering and fire—lack of attention to the tree-growing lands of the states—have made bare millions of acres which by all that is reasonable should be growing pine of several species, for that is one tree that can be made to grow on almost sterile soil. And how much better it would be if all the barrens throughout the country were reforested. It is instinct that tells men to love the smell of the living pines. They have been with us for hundreds of thousands of years. Among the pines there is health. On all sides the great pine woods should stretch away into a silence that holds a deep rapture and a perfect peace. The sun, deliciously warm would then filter down through the fragrant pine-crests, shining on the bunch grass and the sweet fern. Herds of deer would roam through the forests as in days of long ago, and the great reaches of piney forests would afford endless variety to the sojourner in their midst.

The Friendly Wilderness

(Continued from page 455)

I didn't measure him but I think he was about the size of an ordinary small-town church, without the steeple; he was about four feet away when I first saw him and he saw me; right behind him was another just like him and behind him a third!

I didn't care much for the looks of any one of the three; they looked like rounders, or holdups, or some other disagreeable folks.

Besides it wasn't a good place to get acquainted with a bear that had a beam measure like any of these three had because the ledge wasn't wide enough for a fat bear and a good-sized man to pass going in opposite directions.

Naturally I stopped; I felt that it was a good time to be diplomatic so I addressed the leading bear in suave, smooth, diplomatic tones, calculated to get his attention but not alarm him; said I, "Now, look here, Bear, I don't know you or any of your folks, but I'll tell you this; you may be perfectly all right and capable of giving the best of references and everything, but I'll tell you 'bout me—if you don't start runnin' I'm sure goin' to beat you to it and I don't mind tellin' you I've got you beat in any foot-race we may start, so you might just as well go on back home and call it half a day right now!"

There was quite a lot more to that monologue of mine that I don't just remember, but I know it was all delivered in a quiet diplomatic tone calculated to soothe the mind of any nervous bear, or bears, that might take a notion to come on West, the way they were headed, around that mountain. Me—I was headed East, you understand.

That mile-deep valley looked deeper and deeper to me and I couldn't help thinking I'd be quite a little while reaching the bottom of it if that bear was to be unfriendly enough to disregard the rules of the road and try to pass me going West.

I don't know just what finally got the idea over that it was his move, but I like to think it was my usual friendly attitude toward all nature—anyway Mr. Bear (or Mrs. Bear, whichever it was, I'll never know!) reared up on his hind feet, said "woof!" or words to that effect, slapped his pardner over the ears and made him repeat the move which he in kind repeated to the one behind him and thus 'bout faced the whole column; the whole herd then double timed it around the point of rock headed East!

Me—I went back West—the way I'd come out on to that ledge from, and I never went back. I made the picture I wanted later and it's a perfectly good picture that shows no sign of bears or narrow ledges because I made it from a perfectly good solid place to make a photograph from, where I had lots of room to run in most any direction for a little way at least.

And mind you I'm not afraid of bears at all, either.

You'd know that if you had been along another time when I sat and watched a bear come toward me for half an hour and only prevented him from jumping right up on my lap as I sat on a log by yelling at him to go on about his business and behave himself!

That's another fishing story that this fool bear broke into and it was an experiment in friendship, too, but it slipped a cog—sort of, so I'll have to keep it for some other time as this story is getting too long anyway, and some other folks want at least part of the space in this magazine to tell you something worth while in; so g'bye till next time.

P. S. I still maintain my friendly attitude toward the universe and I've got nothing against bears.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

God's Country

(Continued from page 458)

should man be suddenly bereft of all language and thought-communication he would, in the course of ages, revert again into a creature guided solely by instinct. In that event he would be nothing more or less than a brother to all other creatures of instinct. He would again become an ordinary member of the Ancient Brotherhood of Common Heritage, and could no longer call himself the Chosen One and the Ordained of God. But good luck came to him, perhaps even in the days when he may have swung from the trees by his tail—good luck in the discovery of a crude method of thought-communication, a discovery that developed through the ages, until now his head is turned, so to speak, and for tens of thousands of years he has looked down more and more upon his poor relations who have not had his own good fortune.

But I am learning that time has not freed him, and never will free him, from his blood relationship. And creed may follow creed, and religion may follow religion, but never will he find that full peace and contentment which might be his lot until he recognizes and admits into his comradeship again the soul of that nature which is his own mother, and forgets his monumental egoism in a new understanding of those instinctive processes of nature through which he, himself, passed in the kindergarten of his own existence.

This is my faith, my religion. Close to where I am sitting is an old stub, clothed in a mass of wood-vine, warm and vivid in the golden glow of the setting sun. The wood-vine has climbed, instinctively, to the top of the stub, and now, finding their support gone, half a dozen long tendrils are reaching out toward a tall young birch six or eight feet away. One tendril, stronger and older than the others, has reached and clasped the nearest branch. The others are following unerringly. **Yet they have no eyes to see.** No voice calls back to them to point out the way. It is the instinct of life itself that is guiding them, the same instinct, in a smaller way, that dragged man up bit by bit from out of the black chaos of the past. In a thousand other ways, if one will take the blindfold from his eyes and try to understand, he may see this mightiest of all the forces of the earth —instinct—a vibrant, breathing, struggling thing about him, a force so much more powerful than his own, so all-consuming and indestructible that it stands out as a giant mountain compared with the mole-hill of his own littleness. In my own faith, I see it as a vast and inexhaustible reservoir of life, of strength, of "upward climb," of inspiration. I see it as the one great, all-necessary force of creation—a force more precious to man than all the mines of the earth, more precious than all the treasure of the mints, if he would forget his greatness and reach out his hands to it in the gladness of a new brotherhood.

(To be continued)

Canada

—the Ideal Outdoor Vacation Land

CANADA offers every opportunity to the lover of outdoor life. Unexcelled fishing in virgin lakes and streams, camp sites on the edge of civilization or deep in the woods, beautiful trips for the canoeist.

HIGHLANDS of ONTARIO

which includes Muskoka Lakes—Great Lakes Cruise—30,000 Islands, Georgian Bay—Lake of Bays—Kawartha Lakes—Timagami—Nipigon—Quetico—Minaki—Algonquin Park (2,721 square miles, altitude 2,000 feet). Hay fever unknown. Excellent hotels.

New Ontario—the unspoiled haunt of fish and game—recently opened.

Lower St. Lawrence, Quebec and Maritime Provinces.

Write for booklet 13, mentioning district that interests you, to the nearest Canadian National Railways office listed below.

Boston, 294 Washington St.
Buffalo, 1019 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Chicago, 108 West Adams St.
Cincinnati, 406 Traction Bldg.
Cleveland, 522 Kirby Bldg.
Detroit, 527 Majestic Bldg.
Duluth, 430 West Superior St.
Kansas City, 334 Railway Exchange Bldg.
Los Angeles, 503 So. Spring St.
Minneapolis, 518 2nd Ave., So.
New York, 1270 Broadway
Philadelphia, 702 Finance Bldg.
Pittsburgh, 505 Park Bldg.
Portland, Me., Grand Trunk Station
San Francisco, 689 Market St.
Seattle, 902 2nd Ave.
St. Louis, Merchants Laclede Bldg.
St. Paul, Cor. 4th and Jackson Sts.

Canada Welcomes U. S. Tourists—No Passports Required

Canadian National Railways

CABLEGRAM FROM EDITOR OF "THE FIELD," LONDON

Anglers of Great Britain send cordial greeting to fellow disciples of Master Izaak, believing our common sport the happy link of a valued friendship.

H. T. SHERINGHAM

WEBS CASTING SPINNER
12 Patterns.
Each . . . 75c Weight ½ oz.
Ten Fish Catching Reasons

TROUTALLE
Size 6 to 10 2
Each 25c

BASALLE
Size 2, 4, 6 or 8
Each 50c

STRAIN TEST
The Only Tested Leader
3 ft. 6 ft. Per Foot .05
3 ft. 6 ft. Per Foot .05
3 ft. 6 ft. Per Foot .05
Complete with Swivels

If Webs makes it, a fish takes it
Catalog Free with every order
THE WEBER LIFELIKE FLY CO.

WEBS LIFELIKE FLIES

SKEETER SKATTER
KEEPS
AWAY MOSQUITOES
POCKET SIZE CONTAINER
Each 25c

U. S. ARMY KRAG KNIFE BAYONETS
SURPLUS REACTION OF REAL COST
Perfect finest quality tool steel
55c Ea.

One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all persons who may legally fish in waters of the United States, except employees of the Izaak Walton League of America and members of their families.
2. Fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook, with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with as little measuring as possible, in their natural length to be taken from end of lower jaw (mouth closed) to tip of tail.
4. Each fish entered must be caught by regularly licensed angler and must be accompanied by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must state that the fish was caught in accordance with the rules of the contest, and must give the name and address of the angler, the time and place of the catch, the species of fish, and the weight and length of the fish. Blank affidavits will be furnished on application to the Contest Editor of Outdoor America, Washington, D. C., or by the judges—duplicates also will be furnished.
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to enter this contest. However such a story will be appreciated and published if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private waters or State or Federal hatcheries will be considered.
7. Where two or more fish weighing and measuring exactly the same will be entered in the same class, the prize will be awarded to the one showing the greatest length.
8. Contestants may enter fish in more than one class, but no fish may be entered in more than one class. Each fish must be entered in the class to which it belongs according to species and weight, and no fish may be entered in a class for which it is not eligible, under penalty of disqualification of the entire catch from which the ineligible fish was taken.
9. The contest closes December 15th, 1925.

ABOUT THE PRIZES

The cash prize in each class announced herein will carry with it the championship of said water or fishing for the State or any part of the country you may select in the United States.

The second prize in each class will be the choice of any rod, reel or line made in the United States.

The third prize will be a $20.00 sporting goods order to be purchased by the winner of the third prize in each class from any sporting goods dealer in the United States.

In addition there will be a number of other valuable prizes donated by sporting goods manufacturers for their favorite class of fish and for significant improvements in the artificial lure, notably the use of hookless hooks. These prizes will be announced in the contest issue of Outdoor America, which will be published December 1st. Any prize so contributed by manufacturers of fishing tackle will be awarded on the recommendation of the judges in this contest. Contestants will be eligible for such prizes only if they enter fish caught with lures of the manufacturers donating the prizes.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

The judges in this contest will be the judges for each respective class. Their decisions will be final. Contestants by entering this contest agree to abide by the decisions of the judges.

ARTICLE VIII

I hereby swear (or affirm) that the fish entered by me in the [illegible] contest was caught by me with rod and reel, and that the statements made in the affidavit are true.

Witness my hand this [illegible] day of [illegible], 1925.

Witnessed by: (Give names and addresses)

This is a list of the most valuable prizes ever offered in any fishing contest. Read them over, pick out one you like and begin to plan where you'll go for the big one.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge Ben B. Lindsey

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOKTROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season, in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus saltatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a ONE HOOK, ARTIFICIAL LURE.

South Bend Bait
$2000.00
FISH-PHOTO *Contest*

Anyone may enter. To compete, catch one or several fish — photograph them, send photo to us. There's no entrance fee. Contest now on — closes October 31st. 273 prizes in all, totaling $2,000.00. *Get further particulars from any South Bend Bait dealer by asking for our Contest Book.* Tells about prizes, rules, etc. If there is not a dealer near you, *write us.*

South Bend Bait Company 46
22233 High St., South Bend, Ind.

Mr. Fisherman!

WHY not have a try at Mountain Trout? The territory beyond Lander, Wyo., on the Chicago & North Western Ry. has been rightly named the Fisherman's Paradise. There you can have the best trout fishing of your life and at the same time enjoy some of the grandest scenery in the Rocky Mountain Region. Just another step from there to Yellowstone. Write to C. A. Cairns, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago & North Western Ry., 226 West Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill., for further information and descriptive booklet.

530

Write Your Senator or Representative and

A SPECIAL committee appointed by the Senate Committee on Fish and Game of the Illinois Legislature, consisting of Senators Schulze, Carlson, and Duvall, has introduced a Bill to conserve black bass in Illinois lakes and streams and to re-stock the depleted waters.

The salient features of this Bill are:

A CLOSED SEASON DURING SPAWNING TIME, UNTIL JUNE 15TH.

A maximum daily bag limit of ten bass.

A minimum size limit of ten inches.

This Bill is backed by the State Fish and Game Department of Illinois, and the Izaak Walton League of America.

It has received the unanimous vote of the Senate Committee on Fish and Game and will soon be reported to the Senate and the House for final action.

The Izaak Walton League of America asks the support of Senate Bill No. 468 by public spirited citizens and organized bodies, **BY LETTERS OR BY RESOLUTIONS** sent to their respective Senators and Representatives in the 53rd General Assembly at Springfield.

Urge the Passage of this Bill

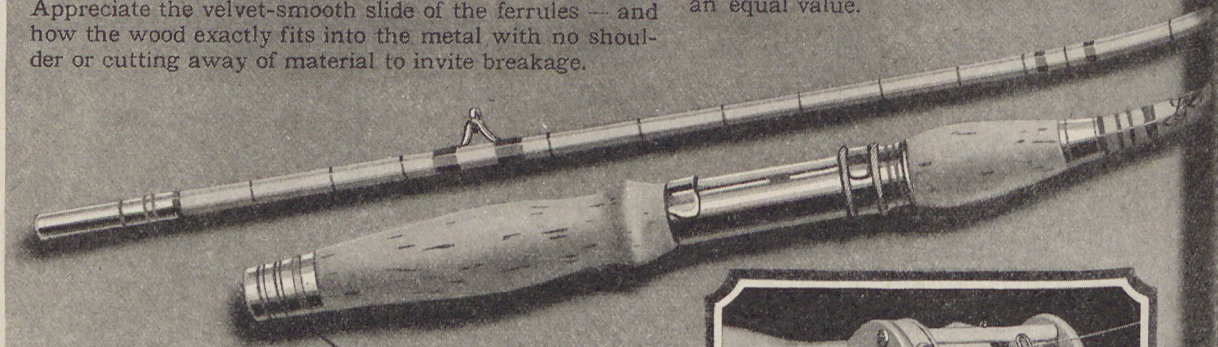
Heddon Split Bamboo Casting Rods

OWN a Heddon Rod, or better yet, two. Enjoy from lithe, active, springy wood the ideal ease of wrist casting instead of the tiring, awkward heave of the full arm sweep. Learn to know and to value the scientific gradation of taper producing the perfect "progressive bend" that gives Heddon Rods great strength and casting force with proper lightness to balance your reel. Realize that Heddon Rod material is critically selected butt cuts of bamboo, long-seasoned, split *(not sawed.)* culled, matched and built up with niceties, care and finish undreamed of in ordinary rods.

Appreciate the velvet-smooth slide of the ferrules — and how the wood exactly fits into the metal with no shoulder or cutting away of material to invite breakage.

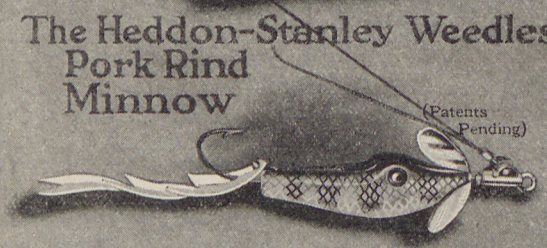
Note the Heddon Locking Reel Band, and the Guides and Tip-Top of perfect smoothness and non-line fouling angles.

Your dealer has Heddon Rods in a variety of weights, lengths and prices. For lasting quality and casting quality, for downright worth in proportion to cost, we believe your tackle-money cannot buy you an equal value.



The Heddon-Stanley Weedless Pork Rind Minnow

(Patents Pending)

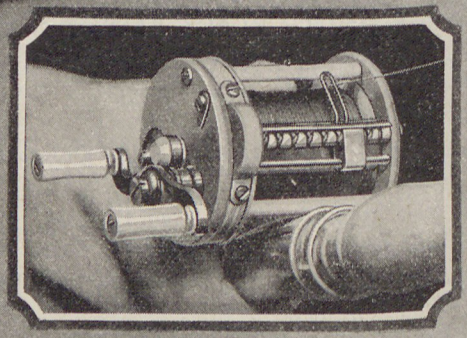


Triple Luring — Pork Strip, Minnow Body, Spinner

USES genuine pork-strips cut as shown to special Stanley pattern, insuring liveliest animation with least possibility of obstructing hook point. Stanley-Perfection hinged weed-guard gives full weed protection but cannot interfere with striking fish. The minnow type casting body for the first time makes available the wonderful Heddon perfection of finish and color in combination with the approved luring quality of pork rind, and single hook effectiveness.

Slow moving, wobbly spinner is self-clearing. Usable in weediest water, sinks to any depth, or with surface attachment, on top. A season-long favorite for every condition of wind, water or weather.

All White; White-and-Red; All Red; Green, Pike and Shiner Scale Finishes. With guard, $1.25; 25 cents less without guard. Surface attachment, 10 cents extra. Genuine Stanley-Cut Pork Strips, Dozen, bottled, 50 cents.



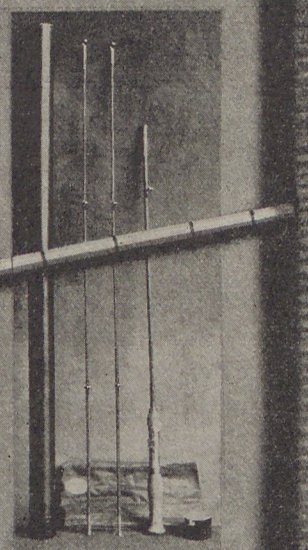
Own This Finest of Level Winding Reels

THE HEDDON No. 35 L. W. differs from all other level winding reels in the important points of fully hardened materials and special wear-resisting construction. Made with infinite *individual* care for perfect casting and *long trouble-free life.*

Note its ease of running — practically two for one over ordinary reels. Observe its compact design with *full* line capacity, its smooth quietness and rich finish. Given the care befitting the precision and perfection of its Heddon manufacture, it proves indeed the long-lasting companion of the discriminating angler — a value incomparable in level winding reels.

Sheridan R. Jones Special Heddon Light Lure Rod

5 ft., 2 in., 4 oz. true bait casting rod, duplicating the exact taper and full specifications of the "perfect" type designed for light and feathered lures by Sheridan R. Jones, nationally known angling editor and fishing authority. A beautiful specimen of Heddon Rod building art.



Full description of this rod appeared editorially in last November's Outers' Recreation Magazine. Price and arrangements by correspondence.

Look for Dealers Displaying this Scientific Chart of Game Fish and "First Choice" Baits

The Fresh Water Game Fishes
To Be Taken by Bait Casting
The Heddon Scientific Chart
First Choice Baits for All-Round Results
Heddon

GIVES for the first time authentic art plates of principal game fish in accurate colors, with correct marks of identification. Also the "First Choice" Baits demonstrated best by 20 years of Heddon investigation. Look for this authentic mine of information on display in leading tackle windows.

FREE: Descriptive literature of Heddon Rods, Reels, Lines and Lures with Fish Pictures and Scientific Fishing data. Send for your free copy.

James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle

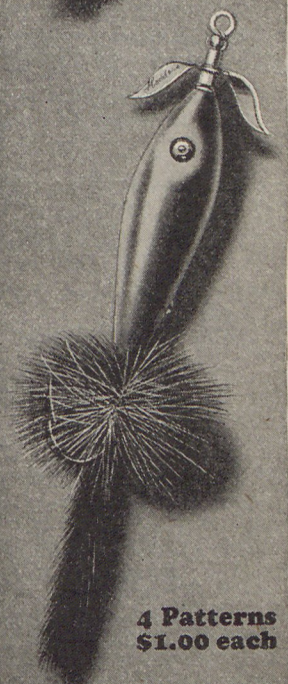
"Heddon Made—*Well* Made"

Wm. Croft & Sons, Ltd., Toronto, Canada. *Sole Canadian Representatives*

6 Trout Patterns 75c each

Wilder-Dilg
(wounded minnow) Cork Bodied Feather Fly Casting Lures

12 Bass Patterns 75c each



4 Patterns $1.00 each

Walton Single Hook Feathered Bait Casting Lure

Wear the Right Clothes

—to get the fullest measure of enjoyment out of your trips into the open!

Duxbak Outing Clothes are especially designed to meet all the requirements of outdoor life. They give you the free comfort, serviceability and full weather protection that ensure your good times.

Their firm, specially woven and specially treated cloth, in double thickness, shuts out cold, wind and *rain*. Their sturdy strength and durability hold up against the roughest kind of going. Liberal pocket room and all the handy conveniences provide you with every outdoor clothing service.

There are various Duxbak styles for men and women, suited to all outdoor purposes. To help you select according to your preferences, we have illustrated and described them all in our 1923 Style Book. *Send for copy today.*

UTICA DUXBAK CORP.
30 Noyes Street, Utica, N.Y.

Distributors for
Red Top Sportsman's Socks

A Ladies' Duxbak Outfit

Norfolk Coat. Trim, graceful, free and comfortable. Collar and cuffs faced with soft corduroy. Riding Breeches, Leggings, and Hat or Cap complete outfit.

Especially desirable for early Spring, late Fall and Winter wear.

Duxbak TRADE MARK **Outing Clothes**

The Rainbow Trout of Oregon

(Continued from page 447)

Here was a boy who caught whales every day and talked about it casually! I knew he wanted to be questioned about the only mistake. He was quick to answer my query and he told the tale with gusto. He was rowing fast a distance out from shore when his hook caught on the bottom, and backing up to save his spoon, he took the line in his hands and carefully pulled to release it. Suddenly the line straightened and with tremendous speed started through his hands burning them as it went. He was hooked to a heavy fish. Quickly he dropped the line and grabbed the rod. The reel sang. The line rapidly disappeared; frightened he watched it go. Then realizing that the game was over if he did not stop this rush, he thumbed the reel with all his might and held on. The fish turned, and out of the water he shot—the largest rainbow he had ever seen. The fish shook himself savagely, twisted and turned while in the air, and on returning to the water tore toward the boat with unbelievable speed. In despair he dropped his rod and with frantic efforts, hand over hand, tried to take up the slack line. The fish came head on. He almost ran over the boat. And in his excitement the boy thrust at him with a small gaff as he was passing. He just pricked him. There was a mighty rush and a leap, and the hook tore out.

"Bad mistake to throw down a rod," the youthful angler explained. "Why that fish weighed fifteen or twenty pounds!" And with a sigh, he picked up rod and bag and disappeared along the trail.

Z. G. and I exchanged winks over the size of the lost fish; in like manner men have winked over the size of our lost fish. How well fishermen understand each other!

We lost no time in engaging a rowboat. Then we hurried back to camp. There we selected and rigged up several different tackles; light fly rods, a casting rod, and several light and delicate bait rods. At four o'clock we went down the bay toward the fishing ground where the boy had caught his rainbows. Z. G. covered the water with a steady pull and soon we reached the stretch of dark water that the youth had indicated.

Z. G. groaned. "Hey, it's too beautiful a place to fish."

I glared my answer. It was beautiful—the marshland with its flags and green tule, the dark green slopes with their forests of pine and fir reaching toward the white capped peaks of Mt. Pit. But the business of the moment was fishing and the attention of the man at the oars belonged on the line, not on the landscape.

I was using a five ounce fly rod and trolling a rather large bass spoon with little red beads, in imitation of salmon eggs, attached to it. It made a very attractive bait as it flashed through the water. Trout were moving beneath the clear surface of the lake and they were rising and breaking water before us with heavy splashes. I thought of the boy's big catch and thrilled. He had not misdirected us. We passed the mouth of one of the many streams that empty into the bay. Pond lilies and moss which floated idly on the stream were held off from the lake shore by swirling eddies. How disastrous it would be to hook a large trout there! I stood to pull my line out of the current that had caught it. Suddenly I felt a savage strike. I jerked hard. Z. G. in the excitement of the moment gave a hearty pull on the oars, and losing my balance, I went sprawling on the bottom of the boat. I stretched my full length. Somehow I missed Z. G. and retained my hold on the rod. Z. G. laughed at my plight.

"Say," he said, "you'll never learn to fish if you handle a rod like a buggy whip."

I reminded him that half the game was careful handling of the boat. And perhaps I reminded him none too gently. But there was no time for argument, for my fish was jumping and tumbling out of the water, insisting vigorously that I give him a little attention. He certainly was more game and more alive than his relatives in Crater Lake. He kept me on the alert every minute. Long runs he made, and leaped high, a glistening streak in the sun. When he headed deep down, he let me feel his strength and determination. I led him along the boat, out-maneuvered but still fighting, and Z. G. quietly slipped the net under him. My first fighting rainbow! What beautiful lines, and what beautiful coloring! His amber back reflected the tints of the sun on the water and his sides shed a gold and pink light that was broken by little black spots.

Next I took the oars, and Z. G., confident that he would make my three pound fish look like a minnow, made his first pretty cast. I rowed and rowed, but nothing happened—in and out, up and down, fast and slow, but never a strike! Z. G's old hoodoo sat heavily upon his shoulders. As a fisherman his luck was wont to run poor. He gazed across the water. Trout were jumping provocatively. He gave up.

"Better take the rod, R. C. You're the only one who knows how to fish, and I'm the only one who knows how to row."

I returned reluctantly to my rod. In the next half hour I hooked seven fish and of the seven landed three, the largest six pounds.

"Of all the lucky guys!" Z. G. exclaimed in disgust. But he laughed with me at the sight of my five ounce fly rod which had served me so well. It was twisted and bent, a ferrule was gone, and it shook as if it had the ague. I tossed it aside and took up the oars.

The sun was setting behind the hoary mountain peaks. The lake was washed with gold. Shadows were folded in the mountain sides. High above us wild fowl with rapid flight winged their way homeward. Through the still calm of the first evening hour the occasional sound of splashing fish was pleasantly projected. Toward land the tule showed purple in the changing light. This aquatic herb resembles the cat tail without the brown head. It grows in profusion along the shore of Pelican Bay. Close by the tule waves stirred. That meant feeding fish. Quietly I headed in that direction.

As we neared the shore, we could hear birds splashing while feeding under cover of the tule. A blue and dull gray bittern watched us curiously. I rowed with all caution. Ahead a large pole, no doubt a boundary mark, stuck four or five feet out of the water. The ruffled water lay to the inside of it. At sight of the pole, Z. G. wound in his spinner to avoid an accident. It came traveling fast through the water. Suddenly there was a gleam of pink and gold, a big swirl, a heavy strike that made the rod quiver, and a savage trout leaped from the water shaking his head like a dog. I was sure I had never seen a larger trout. Leap after leap he made. I forgot that I was at the oars. Z. G. yelled and I shouted back: "Hold him! Hold him! Don't give him any line!" I pulled on the oars in a wild effort to miss the dangerous pole. Z. G. held hard. The trout pulled the rod down; then he leaped straight up showing black and red. With stiff fin, curving tail, and quivering body he flashed his bright sides in the soft light of the setting sun. Z. G. shouted directions, each one a contradiction of the last. I was intent upon getting away from the treacherous pole. I heard consecutive splashes, one quick on the note of the other. I saw the rod strain and quiver. Another wild leap and the trout struck the pole, but he fell to the lakeward side. What relief! I rowed out to deep water. The trout was away on a run, tearing, leaping, twisting in the air. He tumbled out every few yards. I counted a dozen leaps. Z. G. was standing tight. I could feel his effort to keep his balance. So far he had done nothing but hang on and give orders. But he showed that rainbow a few tricks in the minutes that followed. The prize trick was how to crack a perfectly good rod.

The last of the fight was a thrashing affair near the boat where with spectacular twists and turns the rainbow made a final struggle for freedom. Z. G. whooped and hollered as I slipped the net under the fish. He could well afford to, for the sparkling beauty that he pulled from the net weighed a full eight pounds.

We fished for days and the thrill of the trout game increased. One morning, on Z. G.'s suggestion, we tried our luck with live bait. The bay was alive with lusty shiners, so we rigged up a reed and went after them. A very small fly made a good tempter. In a short time we had a bucket full of the little fish. When we tried the live bait on the trout, we were discouraged with results, and we were on the point of giving up when Z. G. had a strike. The fish moved slowly and doggedly toward the middle of the bay. Judging by the sluggishness with which he fought and by the depths he sounded he was one of the lunkers that inhabit the lake and grow to great size. A twenty-one pound rainbow was the record for this piece of water. We followed the fish slowly and were just warming to the fight when the hook tore out. The spoon and fly satisfied us after that.

We found that the best trout hour was through late afternoon and evening. At this time, at the mouth of any of the many streams that run into the bay, fly fishing brought results. Evening after evening we drifted slowly in the quiet current, casting a little brown fly. Good size fish we caught, but as darkness closed in, only small fish would take the fly. In fishing for the little fellows we used a very light rod, and we cast the fly without the barb. Game fighters they were and whenever they won their freedom, it was well earned.

Rivalry between Z. G. and me for the largest rainbow was very keen. It was my good fortune to win out. Z. G. tried to resign himself to his defeat.

"Most certainly, assuredly, and inevitably it had to be larger than mine," he protested. "If you didn't beat me through honest effort, a fish larger than my record fish would be sure to jump in the boat and prostrate himself at your feet."

Fish were never wasted at Rocky Point Camp. Those not served on the table were smoked and saved for winter use. There was no wanton fish lust. One fished to live and did not live to fish.

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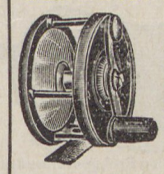

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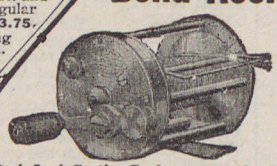

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Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 469)

Dung follows closely the appearance of the common cow fly; Coachman, a small beetle with white underwings. Among the English flies I found that Pale Evening Dun imitates very well a lemon-colored May-fly out on our streams toward sunset. Their Iron Blue Dun and Whirling Dun answer for our stone flies and the metallic winged May-fly that you often see. And so on.

The answer to it, in my experience, is that dry flies properly fished produce a great many more rises than wet flies, in fact on many of our streams the moment your dry fly gets submerged it is ineffective. The water has nothing to do with it. In England most of the streams are placid chalk slangs upon which it is a delight to float a fly and watch the trout rise, totally deceived. But I have fished them with equal success in foaming torrents, merely dubbing my fly with the oil for the purpose and drying him by false casts before each presentment. He floats, a tiny black speck in the boiling white and furious waters,—to disappear in the leap of a pink mouth and the flash of a greenish back.

By "properly fished" I mean the logical tactics of the trout stream, which apply to both wet and dry flies alike. You simply **must** keep out of the trout's sight. This is easier than it looks, for, because of the reflection of the under surface of the water, you can see him from many positions while he cannot see you. To begin with, trout lie habitually facing upstream and cannot see back of them for an angle of thirty degrees on each side of the dorsal fin. If you are anywhere inside of that angle and fishing upstream he is unaware of your presence because of the position of his eyes in his head. Across stream you have still another advantage, for his limit of sight is subtended by a circle of about thirty feet, at ordinary stream depths of three or four feet. Outside of that circle you are invisible to him, although you can see him plainly. This is because the sight rays from his eyes get turned down into the water again by the reflection of the glassy undersurface of the water. If your boots are not unduly displayed in the stream you can cast across and over him with impunity. Fishing downstream you have the disadvantage, particularly if up on a bank, of being in his direct sight rays. Even if quite a distance off he can still see that rod waving unnaturally above your head. But bearing in mind these practical natural conditions, trout fishing becomes a keen mental sport. There is so much more to it than the mere taking of fish! You have the stream itself, lovely in late May, with all Nature busy along both banks. You have a dozen little trout problems presenting themselves as you move along, minor campaigns, each planned and executed cannily against some particular riffle or hole where judgment tells you a large trout has taken up his abode. There is the campaign against that big submerged rock that you noted from a bridge below it, a regular trout corner grocery where the old fellows have gathered to swap lies and talk politics. The clear waters slide over it swiftly. The trout are lurking there, on the upstream side of that rock, on the lookout for natural flies floating down overhead. The rock is out in midstream, in a stream four hundred feet wide from bank to bank. What to do?

Well, you plan a wading route, first, certain pebbly shallows which will take you out near there without going over your boot tops. A small rock juts above water there, some fifty feet across the stream from your submerged trout Grange-meeting. Now, a dry fly, floated down over 'em from there, would likely start something, eh?

So you wade by devious routes out to that rock. Once there you begin getting out line in false casts. Thirty, forty, fifty feet,—and if you are an angler not once has your little March Brown touched the water. About fifty is right. You let it fall like a feather, and the strong current sweeps the gay little feathered fraud down over the submerged rock. There is a boil in the water, a tug, and you strike,—all instantaneous. He's on, and all over the stream, with hundreds of feet either way to go. This way and that, but slowly you are stripping in line under your left forefinger, while nearer and nearer he comes. The rod is bending over your head in a quivering, shimmering circle of bamboo, the line down taut. You wade after him, now, net in hand, slipped off its leather button tab. The rod guides him into it, head first. That's well! Twelve inches. Worth keeping. You creel him, and reel up quantities of slack on the reel. The fly is wet and gummy. Better box it and put on a new one. . . . . Perhaps three more trout are betrayed out of that hole by your dry fly before the rest get uneasy. Well; upstream some more. Here is a fast sluice running under a low and flat rock on the bank. Ought to be a good trout in that sluice! You approach warily over the shallows. He can see you if you come too near, so at forty feet off you cast out in false casts until your fly can be dropped right on that rock. A little flick causes it to drop off, as natural as natural, onto the troubled waters of the sluice. Instantly a flash and a tug. Got him! An eighteen inch rainbow, he proves to be, after a prolonged and heartbreaking fight in the shallows where he twice encircles your boots with the leader.

Further up, a placid pool with glassy waters gliding gently, imperceptibly down it. Bad medicine to go too near here! There are trout under the rooty banks, but they are watching all and sundry. Luckily a bare pebble bar separates this pool from the main body of the stream. Over it, say forty feet away, you cast, dropping the dry fly just under the opposite bank. Here it floats, slowly, downward, while you make it spin by a dribble of the rod tip. But not for long. Inside of two yards,—he has it! A rushing pink mouth, a flash of gold in the depths, and instinctively you set the hook with a twitch of the wrist. There is no use of concealment now. You wade over the bar and into the pool, net in hand, keeping the line steadily taut, snubbing him away from the roots. Eleven and a half inches. The creel.

And now there is a thunder of waters. Up around the next turn you come in sight of the disturbance, the whole stream roaring down a rocky chute, almost a waterfall, a ribald foam of white waters. They told you that the dry fly could not live here, but you know better. On a vest button hangs a small bottle of dry fly oil with a quill brush

inside sticking out of its cork. You dub your fly with this, and, in the few false casts it takes to get it out over that flume, it dries as if varnished.

Beware of too large a dry fly. No. 10 is about right. I once fished with a friend whose whole day was spoiled by using large flies tied on long-shanked No. 10 hooks. Not a rise did he get. We settled matters with those trout by dividing my fly box between us for the rest of the trip. It is also a temptation to creel your trout immediately, for fear he will get away. I will admit that a trout is a most lively customer in hand, and exceedingly slippery, but isn't it more humane to wade ashore and kill him with your hunting knife first, and then take a smoke to let the water rest while you observe something else that Nature is doing?

Nothing for the camper and rifleman in this chapter, I observe. Well, I am coming to that! We always celebrate the Twelfth of May by a real woodsy camp. No object in particular, except to see the new green leaves and the spring flowers and birds and reptiles. Our favorite tent for this camp is just a leanto shanty-tent, with the front and both sides of it simply mosquito bar. This tent weighs three pounds and covers five by six feet of floor area. Its back is a foot high, and from there the top slants up in a slope six feet seven inches long. This tent is easily made at home by sewing together two lengths of thirty-inch wide 6 oz. brown duck canvas and sewing to it the mosquito netting sides and front. The bottoms of the net, along both sides and up the dividing line in the center of the front, are taped by folding double ordinary gray three-quarter inch tape, slipping the net into the fold, and running under the sewing machine. We provided it with a detachable side of brown galatea, with snap buttons along both edges of the roof. If a strong wind is blowing or rain threatens, we snap on this extra side, on the windward side of the tent. Ordinarily we leave it off, so that the night breeze can blow right through the tent. Mercy, what a sleep you pull off in that tent! All the ozone of the woods in your nostrils, all night long! Not a trace of stuffiness. We like that tent, for a summer tent. At that season all the protection you need is from rain and mosquitoes. Cold is no more. Just a friendship fire at night, and good warm sleeping bags to keep out dampness and chill.

For the rifleman, May is the time to attend to those new sights which you have decided really fit your particular pair of eyes, and then to test out those sights in the woods at various ranges until you get to know your gun. Some of us have found out our best sights long ago. Mine are somewhat unique. My front sight is just a stern old steel Rocky Mountain sight, which can hammer granite without injury. To get a bright bead on it I just filed away its rear point to a forty-five degree flat. It makes a little bright rectangle at the top of the sight, which, because it reflects the sky light, is effective earlier and later than any form of bead. And, early and late are the best times for hunting! The rear sight consists of three simple folding bars, of the three hundred-yard ranges which are all you will ever use. A pearl triangle in the hundred-yard bar centers all three, and over them you cut off as much front sight as experience tells is right. Try that combination, if beads and peeps bother you.

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A Great Conservationist

The story of Col. G. O. Shields, the first man in the world to engage in the Preservation of Wild Life as a life work, and the originator of the now famous term—"game hog".

EARLY in life, Col. G. O. Shields became interested in the study of wild life and has pursued that line of thought and investigation ever since. He has hunted successfully every kind of game on this Continent, South of the Arctic Circle, with gun and camera, but he quit killing game years ago, when game began to grow scarce. Since that time he has hunted extensively with camera, field glass and note book, and has stored up a great fund of knowledge of the habits of wild animals and birds. He established Recreation Magazine in 1894 and built it to a circulation of 65,000 copies, the largest ever enjoyed by any sportsman's publication in this country. He organized the League of American Sportsmen in 1898, built it to a membership of over 12,000 and has been president of it from the day of its inception to date.

Col. Shields evolved the idea of the Camp Fire Club of America in 1897, called together about 50 men of his own kind, held monthly meetings, and for six years did all the work of conducting that body, which is now one of the greatest and most important game protective organizations in America.

He has written nine books on outdoor subjects, all of which have had large sales, and one of which, "Hunting in the Great West," has sold over 200,000 copies. His "Blanket Indian of the Northwest" is a standard historical work.

He served in the Civil War, was in 13 hard-fought battles and once, on a scouting expedition, narrowly escaped capture by a troop of Mosby's guerrillas.

He finished his service as First Sergeant of his company and was later appointed an Aide on the Governor's Staff with the rank of Colonel.

He is a woodsman and a mountaineer of ripe experience and in one case traveled eight months in the Rocky Mountains, by saddle and pack horse, entirely alone.

Forty years ago he began to seek legislation for the preservation of wild life and during the past 20 years has devoted nearly all his time to this work. Through Recreation, Shields' Magazine, the League of American Sportsmen, the Camp Fire Club and the lecture platform he has wielded a great influence for good and has created a widespread public sentiment in favor of the preservation of wild animals and birds. He has visited nearly every State capitol in the country in the interest of game protective legislation, and there is scarcely a State that has not on its statute books laws that were put there at the instigation of this wonderful worker.

He has also gone to Washington many times in the interest of Federal legislation, and it was largely due to his efforts that the Lacey Bird Law was enacted. He has also been largely instrumental in securing Congressional action for the creation of forest preserves, game refuges, etc.

He originated the term "game hog," and by his vigorous method of dealing with men who slaughter game and fish has made it about as generally dreaded as that of "horse thief" ever was.

He was on the lecture platform 25 years and has devoted the greater part of the last nine seasons to Lyceum and Chautauqua work.

Colonel Shields was the first man in the world to engage in the Preservation of Wild Life as a life work. An old friend of his, writing to a mutual friend, said: "He has devoted the best part of his life to the preservation of wild animals and birds. In fact, he was the pioneer in the conservation of wild life, not only in this country, but in the world, and we may all feel assured that there are many millions of wild animals and birds in the United States and Canada today that would not have been here if he had not done his great life work. Many good men and women are working for the preservation of wild creatures today that probably never would have become interested in this field except for the earnest, efficient and effective work of G. O. Shields."

During the World war he served as a public speaker on all the liberty loan drives, the U. S. Army recruiting drive, the Red Cross membership drive, and in various educational lines.

He is now nearly 77 years old and his health has failed so that he has been compelled to quit all work. He put all the money he ever made into game protection and is now without means for comfortable living. Colonel Shields' address is 1110 Simpson Street, New York City.

The above sketch of the life and activities of Col. G. O. Shields is sent in by a friend, Mr. Charles Fox of New York, who for the past three years by means of personal letters to some of the Colonel's old associates and to others known to be interested in similar lines has tried to keep the wolf from his door.

His hunting days are over. His hearing is gone, and he is no longer able to travel or to lecture. His books are out of print, and are no longer a source of revenue. He lives alone in a little flat, cooking his own meals. His wants are neither many nor costly, but even the barest necessities cost some money.

If this reaches the eye of an old friend or of anyone who appreciates the work to which he has devoted most of his life, please remember that a kindly letter will do much to cheer up an old fellow; and if there happens to be a check attached, it can do no possible harm.

This is not an appeal for charity, but a suggestion that as good sportsmen, we might like to pay up some of our back dues to the Organizer who has done so much to preserve Game for the present generation.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson

The Birth of a Wilderness

(Continued from page 464)

The Ojibway is less picturesque in his present day attire, and pursues the peaceful occupation of forest guide, packer, firefighter, fisherman or trapper, his presence in the forest today is little more than irony of fate, since his domain is clearly circumscribed by the Great White Father at Washington.

Brooks, musical and singing, dark brown with leaching of tree root and forest mould, wend their way leisurely or swiftly from the highland cradle of mountain and watershed to link their fortunes and destinies with the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, Lake Superior and the waters of Hudson Bay. Born of melting snows, nurtured by natural run-off, they tumble over precipice and ledge. They meander through valleys, luxuriantly rich with sweet gale, rushes, cattail and tule. They hurry on from forest mirror through highland lakes that are clear and limpid, with wooded shores of a beauty that is wild and rugged. On they press irresistibly, through cooling shade, over forested ridges and rapids, leaving behind them the island studded waters, the fragrance of balsam, the wilderness of peace, a stillness sublime, impatient to mingle with the waters of the Arctic Sea, the Gulf Stream and the Atlantic.

Mountains and plateaus are forested with red pine and white, balsam and spruce, birch and white cedar, interspersed with mountain ash and cherry, aspen and moosewood; gentle slopes and eminences, unbroken in verdure, stretch away in the horizon. Cliffs rise sharply from waterfall and shoreline. Thickets impenetrable with windfall and underbrush shelter game and birds. Crimson bogmoss, velvety and deep conceals the forest floor of granite and syenite, broken and glaciated. Pitcher plant, clintonia, cornel, Indian pipe and fern grow here and there. Lungworts, huge and spotted, lichens, silvered in various hues and intricate design grace cliff and boulder.

Gliding over these waters incomparable, one may paddle anywhere that fancy dictates, time and ambition alone determine the boundaries. Nature's highways will lead us to its innermost sanctum, sweet with the fragrance of pine and balsam and filled with the song of the hermit thrush. Abstract in pleasant musing we note the silvery ripples and musical rhythm of waters, gently lapping the wilderness shore, startled to consciousness by leaping fish. Acknowledging the friendly greeting of the chicadee and the nuthatch, we listen to the strident note of the osprey, engrossed in the pursuit of its daily tasks. We come to pools and impounded streams, a hive of industry of furry wood folks, the beaver, their habitation and lodge. Here and there we find tracks and wallows, old and fresh, broken spears of grass and lily pads floating on darkened waters, we note alders freshly browsed and presently may hear the mating challenge from the king of the forest, the moose, America's noblest animal, trespassing on his domain, his range, his hour of courtship.

Explosively venting its violent temper, that wily little wood sprite, the red squirrel, nimble footed negotiates the protecting height of a patriarch pine, snickering down audaciously upon the intruder. Further on we meet the porcupine, blundering and reckless, spy snowshoe rabbits hurriedly rustling away, we hear the cry of the hunting pack. Accepting as a matter of fact the trusting advances of the Canada jay, we yet take note of the playful wing-flash of warbler and siskin and delight in the kinglets happy roundelay. Intently we watch aquatic fowl, splashing and diving in the fullness of joy and ecstasy of life. The call of the loon pierces the stillness, thrilling us with its echo, trebling on the distant shores, the true music of the wild.

Silent and gently we glide past trackless forests, impenetrable and utterly wild, their pastoral serenity personified by spruce hen and partridge; and here we observe the picturesque silhouette of red pines, majestically guarding the rocky shores, discerning high up in the azure vault of the heavens the mighty goshawk, lazily surveying his dominion.

These are recurring incidents filling the minutes, the hours and the days of this sanctuary and wilderness where time was not.

Came another period when the sanctuary was set aside, a publicly owned property, as the Superior National Forest. Its lines concurrent with and overlapped by the Superior State Game Preserve and adjoined by the Quetico Provencial Park and Game Refuge of Canada we find here a consolidated game sanctuary of four million acres, the equal of any other in the United States not excepting the famed Yellowstone. Moose, caribou, deer, bear, wolf, fox, fisher, beaver, martin, otter, lynx, porcupine and varying hare all find here favored retreats. Song and game birds and aquatic fowl find chosen nesting and breeding grounds. It is the last important retreat and sanctuary for the moose in the United States.

But it has been sanctuary for the canoe cruiser as well. The forest wilderness and rocky highland have guarded his highways. Extensive lumbering operations have wrought little perceptible and no permanent damage and he has gone on blissfully enjoying its privileges.

But this is the story of yesterday. May it be the story of tomorrow—and ages to come, that this canoe sanctuary remain the dreamland of nature lovers and outdoor men, that its fragrance and pure waters, its fishes and birds, its trees and wild life and the spirit of hundreds of years agone, the wilderness of du Lhut and his hardy voyageurs and wood rangers, pass on to our children as the one place in our lake country, where nature had struck a perfect balance, where no discord, no one thing seems amiss.

Shades of Radisson, du Lhut, Hennepin, Verendrye and brave companies of rovers, have you blazed, battled and bled that others may follow your arduous trail in the sombre forest in luxurious ease, by no effort of their own, fouling the sweet fragrance of the woodland, hushing the sacred strains of its cathedrals with screaming claxon and discord, piecemeal tearing asunder and destroying the elements of wilderness beauty?

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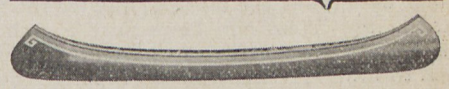

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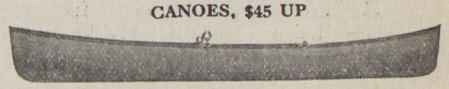

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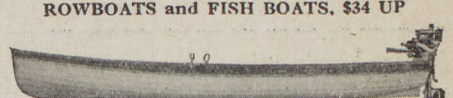

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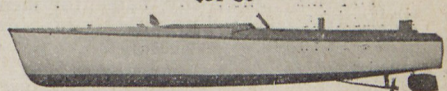

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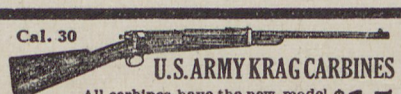

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Your Conscience and the Izaak Walton League of America

By M. S. HEISS

TO the man who always gives the game appearing over the sights of his gun an equal and fair chance for life, a chance which is commensurate with the constant fight of wild things for survival; to the man who gives the fish at the end of his line a fair chance to escape—this plea is directed. To these men true sportsmanship is an inherent virtue.

It is absolutely and positively essential for these men to enlist in the Izaak Walton League Movement. It is vitally important that they become members at large in communities where there are now no local chapters in existence, that they affiliate with chapters already organized and that they read each month the messages brought forward in the Izaak Walton League Monthly, the only outdoor magazine ever owned by the sportsmen of the nation.

Not for themselves alone should they immediately affiliate, but also because through these men can be spread with a maximum of efficiency the gospel of the League, the cause of conservation. Men, and women, too, are doing unsportsmanlike things not because of wilful desires to destroy wild life but because the message of conservation has not reached them. They must be told, they must be taught and where could better teachers be found.

The true sportsman wants to live up to the pledge of the Izaak Walton League, "We Pledge to Posterity the Outdoor America of Our Ancestors." He wants the pledge kept by all, but the work of the league must be explained to many. Who can better explain the purposes of the League than the true sportsman? It is the cause dearest to him. He knows how rapidly wild life is disappearing. He knows what havoc freakish and unscientific game laws have wrought. He knows what pollution has done to the streams. He knows that when a male black bass is taken from the spawning bed that a thousand potential bass have been swallowed up by ever watching enemies. He knows all these things and more.

Mr. True Sportsman, will your conscience permit you to remain out of the League? Will your conscience permit you to fail to endorse by active work the purposes for which this league was organized? By education and the awakening of public sentiment throughout the length and breadth of this nation, the things the league stands for can be accomplished.

How does your conscience feel when you look at the little river of your youth and realize that never again, without your help, will the boys of that community enjoy the things you enjoyed? Does your conscience hurt when you think that no barefooted little chap will ever feel the thrill of a tight line and pull a sunfish from behind a partly sunken log at the bend near the willows? How about your conscience when you realize that the boy who dives into the old swimming hole may emerge with germs causing blindness, sores, typhoid fever?

Your conscience tells you that these things must be remedied. Your mature mind knows that it is a terrific and terrible task to remedy such conditions. You know that only by national organization and vigorous methods can laws be brought about to protect and restore the streams. You know that every agency which has to do with devastation of our fields and streams is thoroughly and efficiently organized. The defenders of Outdoor America are now being just as thoroughly and just as efficiently organized and with the added strength of Righteousness. To use a hackneyed but time honored expression, Mr. Sportsman: "Let Your Conscience Be Your Guide."

Join the Izaak Walton League of America TODAY. NOW, and cause others to follow your lead.

"We Pledge to Restore to Posterity the Outdoor America of Our Ancestors"

FOR those who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods and are willing to contribute toward maintenance of the work of the League the directors have authorized additional memberships. Your dollars will be wisely expended in performing the tasks of the League and bringing about the restoration and protection of the Outdoor America of the golden yesterday.

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